The Enterprise.

VOL. 8. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1902. NO. 4.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:26 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

12:20 A. M. Daily.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	6:45	12 10
" "	—	2·33
" South	—	6:56

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:55	12·25
"	—	6:25
South	6:15	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

FOUR STITCHES IN HIS EYEBALL

Sight of a Chicago Boy Saved by a Delicate Surgical Operation.

Chicago.—Four stitches taken in the ball of his eye saved the sight of James G. Mulvihill, a football player of the St. Ignatius College team. The operation was performed at the West Side Hospital.

"I can see, but the doctor says I won't be able to play any more foot ball this year." With a shield covering his eye Mulvihill thus summed up his misfortune as he worked in a little pop bottling laboratory at 127 North Green street, which he operates to support himself and his mother.

The young man was in the laboratory October 28th filling bottles with soda water, when one of the bottles exploded and a piece of glass struck him in the left eye. Instinctively his lids had closed, but a sharp-edged fragment of glass nearly half an inch in diameter cut through the lid and into the eyeball.

Mulvihill was hurried to a hospital, where Dr. W. L. Noble found the ball of the injured eye was cut so that the jelly-like substance which forms the greater part of the eye, was bulging through the incision. The cut was three-eighths of an inch deep and half an inch long in the white of the eye. Half an hour afterward the operation was complete. The injured eye had been sewed up with four stitches after a number of stitches had been taken in the upper and lower lids, where they had been cut by the glass.

Chinese Murdered as He Slept.

Victoria, B. C.—Look Den, a Chinese tailor and lessee of the Chinese theater, had his head split with a hatchet as he slept. His assailant stole $100 from a hiding-place beneath the bed, which gives the police the impression that the assailant was well acquainted with his victim, who has been an invalid for some time.

NEWS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

TELEGRAMS FROM ALL SECTIONS.

Short, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's Events in a Form Appreciated by Busy Readers

Charles Faunce, a painter, 35 years old, was killed in Washington by the descending of weights in an elevator shaft in the Patent office building. He leaned into the shaft to locate an article which had fallen from an upper floor, and did not notice that the cage was in motion.

Owing to a series of raids committed during the past two years by outlaws from across the border, on the tract of territory lying between Bannu and that in the Punjab, in India, it has been decided to dispatch four flying surprise columns of 800 men each to coerce the Waziris, who are harboring the raiders on British territory.

Bishop H. C. Potter, in commenting upon the decision of the mine operators to refuse to recognize the United Mine Workers of America, said in an interview: "It is a great mistake, a great mistake, and one which will become apparent sooner or later. The labor unions of this country have come to stay."

Oil of the finest quality has been struck twenty-five miles from Santa Rosa, New Mexico, a new town on the Rock Island Railway. The sinking further of this well and the boring of others will follow. Eastern oil men who sunk this well, spending thousands in doing so, believe that the region will be a second Beaumont.

The disturbances at Tetuan, Morocco, arise from a rebellion of the Kabyle tribesmen, owing to the refusal of the Governor of Tetuan to liberate certain Kabyle prisoners, including the murderer of an Englishman. The tribesmen are terrorizing the town and its outskirts, and are attacking and seizing caravans between Tetuan and Tangier. It is rumored that a British cruiser has been ordered to Tetuan to protect foreigners there.

Before the Economic Club of Boston, at their banquet, President Eliot of Harvard denounced the labor unions of the country as opposed to the education of young men and for what he termed "their fight against the development of manly instincts." In closing he characterized the strikebreaker, or "scab," as he called him, as "a good type of the American hero." The Economic Club was formed for the purpose of discussing current topics.

Germany has agreed to the American proposal to submit the question whether the Chinese indemnity is payable in gold or silver to the Hague tribunal, provided that only that feature of the protocol be included in the arbitration.. The Chinese Government has notified the foreign ministers that hereafter textiles imported into the interior by foreigners must pay a likin duty of one-half per cent, the same as charged in the case of Chinese importers.

Cholera has made its appearance among the men of a detachment of the Fifth Infantry, which is stationed at Manila. Seven men have already died and a number of others are seriously ill. The detachment of the Fifth Infantry in question has been placed on guard along the Maraquina river, whence Manila receives its water supply, as it was deemed necessary to protect the stream from possible pollution. The cholera developed while the men were on duty. It was believed that cholera had entirely disappeared from Manila, and its reappearance has created feelings of apprehension.

W. Godfrey Hunter has tendered his resignation as United States Minister to Gautemaula. The President has accepted the resignation and has selected Leslie Combs, at present United States Pension Agent at Louisville, to succeed Dr. Hunter. Dr. Hunter is also Minister to Honduras and Combs will likewise assume that post. Dr. Hunter has had a stormy career in Central America ever since he went there in 1897. It is assumed he has at last become tired of the struggle, for it has been known for some time that he contemplated resigning. The place pays $10,000 a year.

Mail advices from South China report a recrudescence of the rebellion in Kwang-Si, some time ago reported to have been suppressed. The rebels captured Hochinchok, in Chin Wanfu, secured the Sub-Prefect and placed him in his own prison. After pillaging this place they attacked and took Linchinfu, a prefectural city. Large numbers of the Kotishui, a new secret society, which is both anti-foreign and anti-dynastic, have joined the rebel movement. The rebels are singularly supplied by caravans, which cross the adjacent French and Portuguese territory with arms and war munitions.

It has been estimated the trial of Roland B. Molineux, accused of murder, has cost more than any other for a capital offense in any country where the English system of jurisprudence is in vogue. The cost to the county of New York in the first trial amounted to $250,000. This was expended in various directions, largely in fees for handwriting experts who were brought from distant States and for detectives. The defense expended about $75,000 in the first trial, and it is estimated that the total on both sides for the two hearings will foot up nearly $500,000.

Conditions in Cuba Said to Be Excellent.

Havana.—Lionel Carden, the British Minister, in a report on the situation in Cuba, says none of the evils so confidently predicted by the advocates of reciprocity has come to pass. No sugar estate of any importance was compelled to stop, and the recent crisis, far from being disastrous to the island's prosperity, has really been of immense service to Cuba in teaching the planters to be economical in the management of the plantations, thus lowering the cost of production until it is thought that plantation expenses will not exceed one cent per pound. Under the present condition, the Minister adds, Cuba has little or nothing to fear from the competition of other countries in the production of sugar, whether cane or beet.

MILLIONS COULD NOT SAVE HIM

Missouri Jury Brands Wealthy Colonel Butler of St. Louis a Felon.

Columbia, Mo. — Colonel Edward Butler, millionaire and politician of St. Louis, on trial charged with attempting to bribe Dr. Chapman of the St. Louis Board of Health, in order to influence his vote on the indorsement of a garbage contract with the city, has been found guilty by the jury, which assessed the punishment at three years in the penitentiary. T. H. Hickman, foreman of the jury, says the verdict of guilty was reached on the first ballot, but it took three hours for the jury to agree upon the sentence. Some of the jury wanted to give Butler the limit. One wanted to give him only a fine and jail sentence.

Colonel Butler, his wife, his two sons—Congressman James J. Butler and Edward Butler Jr.—and their wives, were in the court-room when the verdict was received.

A motion for a new trial was overruled.

When asked by the judge if he had any reason to offer why sentence should not be passed on him Edward Butler said: "I have nothing to say, your Honor, further than that I am not guilty of the charge preferred against me."

"The jury has passed on that question, Mr. Butler," was Judge Hockaday's reply. "In accordance with the verdict, I sentence you to imprisonment in the State penitentiary for a term of three years."

The filing of an appeal to the State Supreme Court followed. Judge Hockaday fixed Butler's bond at $10,000, which was signed by prominent citizens of Columbia.

One Killed and Ten Hurt in a Wreck.

Rifle, Col.—A collision between an extra stock train of the Colorado Midland road and a freight train of the Rio Grande road a half mile west of here caused the death of E. R. Thorp, fireman of one of the Midland engines. The accident occurred on the joint track of the two roads. Ten others were more or less seriously injured. Traffic was delayed seventeen hours. The damage to stock and equipment amounts to about $100,000

COAST NEWS GIVEN IN SHORT ITEMS

Occurrences of Interest from All Quarters of the Pacific Coast.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE WEEK

Current Events Related in Newsy Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

At Tonopah, Nevada, Frank Golden's jewelry store was robbed last week. The robbers entered the store by a rear door and ransacked the place, securing watches, diamonds and money to the amount of $3000. This is the third robbery that has occurred recently, and it is surmised that an organized band of thieves is located there. As yet no trace has been discovered of the perpetrators of any of the robberies.

Silk culture in the city of San Diego has been given more attention in the last few weeks than at any other time since the idea of establishing a silk industry there first took hold. The interest has increased so much, in fact, that numbers of people are beginning to prepare for a market by planting trees and slips of the mulberry tree. Thousands of slips and as many trees as can be obtained are being planted now and all will be needed to feed the worms. Everything progresses toward the establishing of a silk business there on a permanent footing.

The Ashland Manufacturing Company, the largest lumbering enterprise in Southern Oregon, was sold last week for $80,000 to E. T. Staples and C. C. Anderson, who represent a wealthy syndicate of Boise City, Idaho. The sale includes 3500 acres of yellow fir, sugar pine and red pine in the famous Neil Creek district; the large sawmill there, and the planing-mill, lumber yard and plant in Ashland. The new owners will make extensive improvements and convert the plant into one of the largest on the Coast. It is the biggest deal that has been made there for years.

County Veterinarian Eddy of San Joaquin county makes the startling statement that there is anthrax in that county and that both cattle and horses are affected. It is believed that the disease started somewhere on the West Side, between Copperopolis, in Calaveras county, and Oakdale, in Stanislaus county. Within the past three weeks six cattle have died on Roberts island, ten miles west of Stockton, and it is reported that others have died more recently. Dr. Eddy sent some of the blood to Dr. Barbat, the bacteriologist of the San Francisco Board of Health, and he pronounced the disease anthrax beyond a doubt. Recently horses in Stockton have contracted the disease.

J. H. Baisdell, who has been employed for several months at the Eschol ranch, several miles north of Napa, met with death in a shocking manner. The last seen of him alive was when he left the house to feed and water the stock. Several hours later the foreman, having become alarmed at his non-appearance, instituted a search, which resulted in the finding of the body in a corral near the barn. The Coroner was summoned and a jury impaneled, and from evidence adduced a verdict of accidental death was rendered, but a post-mortem examination was recommended. The man was 74 years of age, and it is supposed that while in the corral he had heart failure and after h had sunk to the ground the horses trampled his life out.

At the bottom of a deep gulch in an isolated section of San Pedro three small boys found the badly decomposed body of a man, whose identity has not yet been ascertained. The man apparently was between 55 and 60 years old. He was moderately well dressed, wearing a double-breasted blue coat, gray checked trousers and a derby hat. The body evidently had been lying in the gulch for several weeks or two months. In the skull were detected two or three small holes that may have been made by bullets. The description of the body fits that of Captain Halbeck of the schooner Zampa, who disappeared from San Pedro, though by some the body is thought to be that of a passenger who disappeared from the new steamer Redondo on its first trip.

GREAT FUTURE FOR CHINA.

Wu Ting Fang Foretells a Brilliant Trade Prospect in the Orient.

New York.—Wu Ting Fang, the retiring Chinese Minister, was the guest of honor of the Silk Association of America and the American Asiatic Association at a banquet given at Delmonico's. The guests included Mayor Low, Cornelius N. Bliss and James J. Hill.

Responding to the toast "The Health of the Guest of the Evening," the Chinese Minister said in part:

"I have the satisfaction of saying on the eve of my departure from this country, that I have, to a certain extent, fulfilled my duty to the satisfaction of my conscience, and I am pleased to observe that it has met the approval of the people of this country. The United States and China are practically neighbors. So whatever takes place in China cannot be a matter of indifference to the people of this great country. When the Pacific cable is finished it will unite the oldest nation on earth with the newest nation. With your energy and enterprising spirit there is no reason why your trade with China should not surpass that which you have with Great Britain. The trade with China is only in its infancy, but in course of time it will, I have no doubt, be extended."

Mother Mary Katherine, as she is now called, who was Miss Katherine Drexel, daughter of the famous Philadelphia family, has a philanthropic idea in mind, which it is said she will carry out within a few months. For years, in fact, ever since Mother Mary Katherine forsook society to become a nun and then founded the order of the "Blessed Sacrament," she has interested herself in the education, both religious and otherwise, of the Indians. Her last project is to establish a mission school for members of the Navajo tribe, in Arizona. Already she has made her plans, and more than $100,000 will be spent upon the main building of the institution. Mother Mary Katherine is being aided in every possible way by her niece, Miss Josephine Drexel, who is prominent socially, both in New York and Philadelphia.

To Prevent Collisions on Railways.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from Berlin says: A device for preventing collisions between railway trains was successfully tried on the railroad near Frankfort. It consists of a small apparatus fitted to the locomotive which will give visible and audible signals if another locomotive is approaching on the same track, or if a switch is misplaced. It also renders it possible to have an understanding by telephone between locomotives. In the test two locomotives approached each other. When they reached a certain distance the apparatus gave signals and the engineers were able to communicate.

FIND HUTS NEAR PORTLAND CANAL

Alleged American Encroachment on Canadian Territory Near Cape Fox.

Vancouver, B. C.—The Province says: In the quietest possible manner, and with every precaution to secure secrecy, the United States encroached upon Canadian territory to the northeast of Cape Fox, and appropriated to itself thousands of square miles of land lying within the boundaries of British Columbia to the westward of Portland canal.

Large stone huts termed "houses of refuge for mariners" have been erected comparatively recently on the western shores of Portland canal, and from the headwaters of the canal a line has been surveyed along the mountain ridges and across the divides in a northwesterly direction toward the Iskoot river, where it joins the Stickeen. In brief, such is the all-important and sensational information which has just been brought to light through the haphazard wanderings of some Canadian prospectors through the territory in question.

This line from Portland canal runs northwesterly for a short distance, and then turns nearly due west, finally connecting with the Iskoot river at its confluence with the Stickeen. At that point there is to be found an old post, supposedly erected by the Hudson Bay Company, and by running the line through it is apparently the claim of the American Government that the post in question was placed in position by the Russians. The survey line is distinctly marked by squared and cut granite monuments.

AWAIT DR. LORENZ' ARRIVAL

Half a Thousand Applicants for Treatment in New York in One Day.

New York.—When Dr. Lorenz, the Vienna surgeon, arrives here he will find plenty of opportunities to exemplify his methods of orthopedic surgery. This was the first day for the reception of applicants at the Cornell Medical College Dispensary and Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled Children.

In all over 500 children flocked to the hospital. Half of these were sent away as incurable after examination by the surgeons. Hope was given 250 and they will be operated on by Dr. Lorenz. If the rate of applications keeps up daily until Lorenz arrives he will have a gigantic task.

The faith the patients showed in the great specialist was almost superstitious. They expected to find him on hand ready to operate. Friends of the cripples had heard that no knives were to be used and that the cures were made by manipulation. They could not understand it, and talked in whispers about the "healing touch."

Volcanoes Active in Samoa.

Auckland, N. Z.—According to advices received here from Apia, Samoa, via Tonga, a volcanic eruption has broken out in Savaii, the westernmost and largest island of the Samoan group. Six craters are reported to be emitting smoke and flames. In one village in the vicinity the earth is covered two inches deep with ashes.

Rome.—The volcano on Stromboli island, off the north coast of Sicily, has commenced a terrible eruption. A colossal column of fire is rising and incandescent stones are being emitted from the craters. Many houses on the island have been destroyed.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The North Pole is as exclusive as ever.

Your education cannot be stolen—but the fruits of it often are.

Arctic explorers do not succeed in finding much except one another's remains.

Shades of Pan. They are going to build a packing house on the site of Thoreau's hut.

An observer says "the old world is growing young again"—second childhood, perhaps.

There is still time enough to secure the north pole for exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair, but no promises are made in this direction.

It doesn't seem so remarkable that a diamond will cut glass when you consider that it will even make an impression on a woman's heart.

Insanity often follows in the wake of war. To this dread aftermath can perhaps be traced the cause of three recent suicides in the United States navy.

It has taken thirty years to settle the estate of Inventor Morse of telegraph fame. It might be mentioned, also, that there is not nearly as much estate to settle as there was.

Some bold Yankee women are springing on Paris gowns that were made in the United States. The American dress invasion may yet give the modiste a stitch in the side.

Dean Alice Young of Iowa University does not want the young ladies of that institution to waste too much time receiving calls from the young men. Wasting? Listen to the women. Wasting!

In its program for the year one of the woman's clubs includes a paper on "The Dignity of Household Labor." After all, it may not be as bad as we feared; the "old-fashioned woman" is not extinct.

And now rises a medical gent to remark that there is no hope for pure water in Chicago until all steamboats are chased off Lake Michigan. It is interesting to speculate upon the condition of affairs in this world if the varied and multifarous suggestions of the medical person were all accepted and put into practice.

The provisions of the reciprocity treaty of 1898 between the United States and France have been extended to cover Porto Rico and Algiers. France will admit American foodstuffs and lumber into Algiers at the minimum rate of duty in return for the privilege of sending French products into Porto Rico to be admitted at lower rates of duty than are now imposed. When the treaty was made Porto Rico did not belong to the United States.

The mother of degeneracy is weariness which a night's sleep does not remove. The preventive of weariness is reasonable recreation according to age, strain imposed and physical condition. The school trustee, superintendent, principal or teacher who does not allow and know that he allows time for recreation to those from whom he has the power to demand service is a murderer in all but intent. He does not wish to kill, but he kills.

A little waif was arrested in New York the other day, and, when he faced the Judge, he told his story. His mother didn't care for him and he became a child of the street. "And," he said, "when yer mother don't care for yer, yer ain't got no mother." There's a sermon. Its diction is uncouth, but the utterance is sincere and by one—God pity the waif—who knows. "If yer mother don't care fer yer, yer ain't got no mother." There is always a chance for the boy whose mother cares. But for the tiny acorn of a man which the wheel of a passing cart may crush, how shall it push aside the leaves and sprout and grow into an oak? Every boy is mostly animal. The old theologians said man has fallen. The new theologians say he has come upward from a brute. And the marks of his ancestry cleave to him, especially in youth. It is only the mothers that make it possible for a healthy boy to

> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

And if his mother fail him, hell has the advantage of heaven. When Madam De Stael asked Napoleon what was the greatest need of France he promptly replied: "Mothers." But "if yer mother don't care for yer, yer ain't got any mother." Poor little outcast. Your sermon goes direct to the root of most of the sin in this world.

Recently, on one of the knolls of Spencer County, Indiana, a part of the State which still bears many marks of its original wilderness, was dedicated a monument to the resting place of the mother of Abraham Lincoln. All the world knows the touching story of the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the frail wilderness woman who taught her husband to read. It was of the mysterious "milk sickness" that she died. Putting her hand on little Abe's head she told him to be kind and good. Abraham Lincoln felt the pressure of that feeble, dying hand to the day of his death! No minister or priest was present when Thomas Lincoln performed the duties of undertaker and sexton, making with his whipsaw the boards for the coffin and helping to lower with his own hands the emaciated form of that tall, dark woman with the brown hair, gray eyes, high forehead and melancholy face. No more bitter tears were ever shed by Abraham Lincoln than those which forced themselves from his boyish eyes as he stood, scarcely knowing why, hand in hand with his sister at his mother's grave. It was high time the world which so honors the Madonna and the child should honor the mother of Abraham Lincoln. The soil which wraps the clay of that log cabin mother is sacred soil. When Nancy Hanks Lincoln bent over the cradle of her boy, who knows what dreams of his great future may have come to her? The angels told Mary what her son would become. May not the angels have whispered to this wilderness mother some portent of her strange son's future? Nancy Hanks Lincoln. The world will not forget that name. And in the years to come the feet of many pilgrims will turn toward that little hill in southern Indiana as to a sacred shrine.

A. Montefiore Brice's recent article in the London Mail uses the police court records and the census returns to warn the world against early marriage. Apparently Mr. Brice thinks that people who marry before they are 21 incur great dangers. Statistics from Berlin have shown of late that divorces are much more frequent among those who marry early than among those who marry late. Of course those who marry early have more time in which to get divorced. Even when this fact has been reckoned with, however, there still seems to the statisticians to be reason to think that the marriage of minors is in general a mistake. What is true in Berlin appears now to be true in London. The "spiritual and scientific mating and marriage," which was suggested the other day at a woman's meeting in New York, seems often to be neglected in English affairs of the heart. The consequence of that neglect is to be seen, thinks Mr. Brice, in the large number of desertions to which the police court records and the census returns bear witness. The number of child marriages is in itself astonishing. In London, if one considers the total number of marriages, 4.5 per cent are those of male minors and 16.5 per cent are those of female minors. In the provinces 5.5 per cent are those of male minors and 18 per cent those of female minors. It appears, then, that the provinces are in this matter worse than London and the women worse than the men. In England and Wales there are 56,398 married persons who are under age. In London alone there are 13,000 such persons. On the night of the last census of those wives whose husbands were not living with them 742 were under age, and of those husbands whose wives were not living with them 2,000 were under age. Also of the 850 minors in prison 200 were married. These things, together with many incidents that have come under his notice, have convinced Mr. Brice that the early marriage is an institution which cannot too soon disappear. That it is tending to disappear seems to be indicated by the history of the last quarter of a century. In 1874, which was a kind of "banner year," or "high water mark," out of every 1,000 husbands and wives 84 husbands and 227 wives were under age. Since that time there has been steady, uninterrupted progress. To-day out of every 1,000 husbands and wives there are only 50 husbands and only 165 wives under age. The marriage age, it seems, is rising. Which may mean that people are more sensible. It may really mean, however, that times are harder and food prices higher. Or it may mean that the "standard of life" has risen and men and women will not marry unless they can be sure of a higher degree of physical comfort in their homes. Any one, or all, of these things may be true. The fact is clear. The explanation is difficult. There is one particularly disquieting element in the problem. Early marriages are much more common among the poor than among the rich. Now early marriages lead to domestic unhappiness. Should not the rich, therefore, be happier domestically than the poor? But are they? If not, where does the trouble come in? Is it the mere possession of wealth and its opportunities that makes the difference?

An Aggregation of G'S.

Near Webster, Mass., is a lake with a name so long that it takes sound lungs and a full breath to say it—Chargoggaggogg manchauggag gogga-chaubunagungamaugg. A local wag has said that when dictionaries were made the compilers threw all the letters left over into the lake, whence its name.

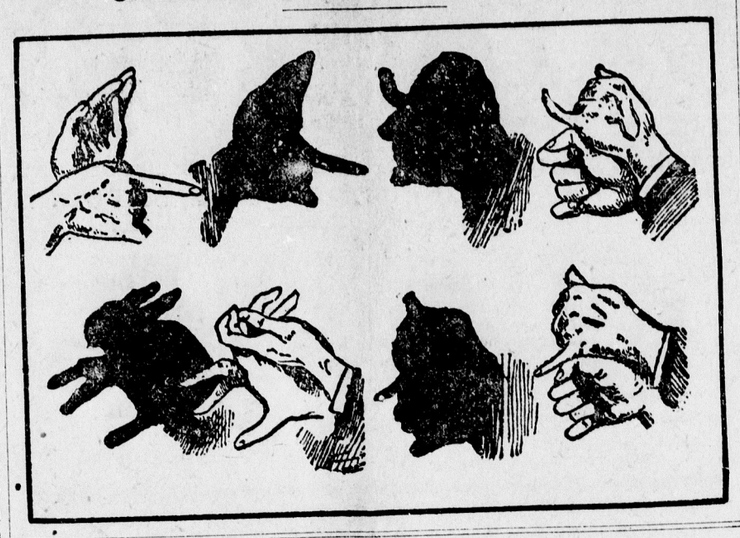
Recently the Fish and Game Commission has forbidden fishing in the lake. The fish are getting low, and the authorities are going to give the lake a rest. It may be that some unscrupulous fisherman used the name of the lake for a seine, and caught all the fish that were too large to slip through the "gg's."

The lake is much more quiet and beautiful than its name, and has been celebrated in the following lines by a village poet—

> No Franklin pond nor Hampshire bog
> Can compare with Lake Chargoggaggogg-
> Manchauggaggogg-
> Achaubunagungamaugg.

The marriage service commands that a man be faithful unto death. We make this explanation because the women are accusing a man of unfaithfulness whose wife has been dead for six months.

SHADOW PICTURES ON THE WALL.



POSTMASTER FOR 74 YEARS.

Remarkable Record of Roswell Beardsley of North Lansing, N. Y.

There is but one man in all the world who can boast of such a record as this. The oldest appointive officer in the United States in point of service. The oldest postmaster in point of service in the United States or in the world. The only man who has held an appointive office under twenty different Presidents. The only man who has continuously filled one government office for seventy-four years. The only man who held a government office before there was a railroad in the United States and is holding that same office now.

R. BEARDSLEY.

That man is Roswell Beardsley and he resides at North Lansing, Tompkins County, New York, being postmaster at that place, an office he has held creditably for seventy-four years and which he will fill until his dying day, as he has no idea of resigning and as there is no man or woman in all North Lansing who would seek to displace "Uncle Roswell," as he is familiarly called, in the office he has filled nearly three-quarters of a century.

Even should they have the temerity, however, to ask for the postmastership of the town, the Postoffice Department would take no notice of the application, for Uncle Sam is not the individual to discharge an employe who has served him so long and so faithfully as has Roswell Beardsley.

"Uncle Roswell" was appointed postmaster at North Lansing June 28, 1828, when John Quincy Adams was President, John C. Calhoun was Vice President, Henry Clay was Secretary of State and John McLean was Postmaster General. He owes his appointment to William H. Seward, who thirty-three years after the appointment of Uncle Roswell, became Secretary of State under Abraham Lincoln.

At the time of Uncle Roswell's appointment as postmaster at North Lansing, Seward was associated with Uncle Roswell's brother, Nelson Beardsley, in the practice of law. They dissolved partnership shortly thereafter, however, and Beardsley turned his attention to farming. Seward continued in public life and soon attained national prominence.

Roswell Beardsley was born July 5, 1809, near where he now resides, and when in reminiscent moods talks entertainingly of the early days of the republic. He was born the same year as Abraham Lincoln, only four months and twenty-three days later. Being of the same political faith and having served as postmaster through Lincoln's administration, he is naturally a great admirer of the martyr President.

CONVICT HEIR TO ESTATE.

Inmate of the Michigan City Prison Will Inherit $8,000.

When Alex. Killion, the Washington, Ind., "Land King," died a few months ago he left an estate valued at $250,000. He left no will and as a result the property will be divided among the legal heirs by the court. To cause a settlement of the estate suit has been filed and the complaint discloses a peculiar state of affairs.

JOHN SLATTON.

One of the heirs, a grandson named John Slatton, is confined in the Michigan City penitentiary for robbery. The complaint asks that a trustee be appointed to take care of young Slatton's part of the estate until he is released. The complaint also asks the court to declare America Slatton legally dead. She is a sister of John Slatton. Ten years ago she had a sweetheart to whom her father was very much opposed, and had forbidden him to come to the house. A few days later America Slatton and her lover were seen crossing the White River bridge hand in hand. They were never seen or heard of since, and many think the couple either committed suicide or were murdered. Their bodies were never found. Were she living her share of the estate would be the same as that of her convict brother, about $8,000.

He Didn't Believe It.

The typical Englishman's slowness to grasp the point of a joke is a matter of record and a constant source of delight to the American "jollier." A striking illustration of this was overheard on a trolley car. Two young men were seated together in the forward end of the car, and one, by his accent and his air of guileless innocence, proclaimed his British nationality. The other was an American of the genus kidder. The latter was dilating upon the ferociousness of the Jersey mosquito and, after relating several very tall yarns, wound up with this one:

"Last summer I was coming across the meadows this side of Atlantic City on my wheel when my attention was attracted by the sound of a cow bell. It was such a strange, unsual sound that I dismounted to investigate, and soon encountered a huge mosquito. It had eaten the cow and was ringing the bell to attract the calf, that he might devour that also.

The Englishman listened to this story very gravely, and without even cracking a smile, replied:

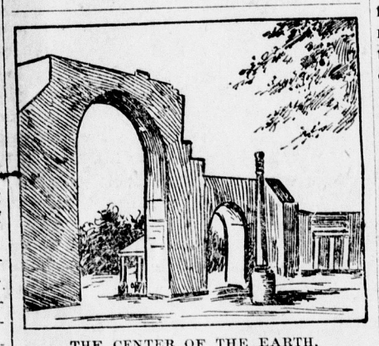
"Oh, I say, old chap, you cawn't expect me to believe that, don't you know?"

"CENTER OF THE EARTH."

Some eleven miles from Delhi, Ind., says the Wide World Magazine, stands the remarkable iron pillar shown in the above photograph. It is a solid shaft of wrought iron, some 22 feet high and 17 inches in diameter, and its origin and age are wrapped in mystery.

Ancient Hindu mythology says that the spot on which the pillar stands is the center of the earth, and speaks of it as "the arm of fame of Rajah Dhava."

Now, Rajah Dhava ruled in the early



THE CENTER OF THE EARTH.

part of the second century of the Christian era, and he is referred to in the Sanscrit inscriptions on the pillar, so that, although authorities differ on the subject, it is probable that the pillar dates from this time.

Considering the appliances which were available at that remote period—something like 1,800 years ago—it would be interesting to know how this mysterious pillar was made.

The Wrong Station.

It had taken considerable persuasion to induce the old lady to take a seat in an automobile, but finally she had consented to do so because she was anxious to reach the bedside of her sick grandchild in a village some twenty miles away, the last train for which had left some ten minutes before she arrived at the station. The big automobile was to pass through Hampton, the village where the sick grandchild lived.

Everything went lovely until the almost flying vehicle, in attempting to pass a wagon loaded with hay which occupied the entire center of the road, went unexpectedly into the ditch, and rather violently deposited its occupants in an adjoining field.

Recovering from the shock, though somewhat confused from the rather unusual method of alighting from a vehicle the old lady asked of the chagrined chauffeur:

"Is this Hampton?"

"No, ma'am," he managed to gasp, "this is an accident."

"Oh, dear!" said the ex-occupant of the vehicle, "then I hadn't oughter have got out here, had I?"

Better than a Prayer Meeting.

The child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer meeting, was taken to the circus by his nurse. When he came home "Oh, mummy," he exclaimed, "if you once went to the circus you'd never go to a prayer meeting again in all your life!"

As Usual.

Mrs. Waggles—There's a fire sale around at the grocery store. I wonder if he's selling his milk any cheaper.

Waggles—I guess not. That's only damaged by water.

When a woman marries her deceased sister's husband, all the women say she did it for the sake of the children.

REACHES HIGHEST NOTE.

Edith Helena Who Sings to F Sharp in Altissimo.

Edith Helena sings to F sharp in altissimo, the highest note ever reached by a soprano singer. For years, says the New York World, Mme. Nilsson was queen of the upper registers; then came Patti a note higher, to wrest her laurels away. For years she held the scepter till Ellen Beach Yaw eclipsed her by another full note. But now Miss Helena has eclipsed them all with consummate ease.

EDITH HELENA.

With all this remarkable range, Miss Helena's voice is peculiarly pure and bell-like in quality. She can imitate the tones of a violin and its highest notes with ease.

She comes on the stage with a violin. The audience sees her go through the motions of playing the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" upon a violin. She draws the bow with no uncertain stroke across the strings and fingers them correctly. The audience hears what sounds like a violin of fine tone well played. In reality no sound comes from the strings—they and the bow have been well soaped and are noiseless. The music has been made by the delicate strings in the throat of the singer, who keeps her lips nearly closed to heighten the illusion.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

The up-to-date advertiser not only studies methods of advertising, but he makes a thorough study of human nature as it exists in his constituency.—Printer's Ink.

An increasing unmber of establishments, says the Philadelphia Record, have adopted a rule of making special efforts to stimulate trade in the duller seasons of the year. One advertiser said he could count on all the business he could do at the holiday time, but what he wanted was to induce people to buy at other times. He found it profitable to pay unusual attention to his newspaper advertising in the summer months.

A newspaper whose columns overflow with advertisements of business men has more influence in attracting attention to build up a town than any other agency that can be employed. People go where there is business. Capital and labor go where there is an enterprising community. No power on earth is so strong to build up a town so well as a paper well patronized, and its power should be appreciated. The man who overlooks his town paper injures himself by injuring his town and townsmen.—Wanamaker.

The first few advertisements may not bring many inquiries, but like the foundations of a building, they are fulfilling their purposes, even if they don't make much of a showing. Keep right on building, and you will have an edifice of more or less value, according to the building done. Keep right on advertising. Don't be discouraged because the foundation doesn't show up very much compared with what you expect the ultimate result to be. If the advertising is well done, and in the right medium, you are just as sure of having a well built business as the builder is sure of having his house completed when the necessary expense and work are put into it.

FIRST CUBAN MINISTER.

Senor Quesada Represents New Republic at Washington.

Senor Gonzalo de y Quesada is the official representative of the Cuban republic at Washington.

Senor Quesada, who was the first minister appointed by the new government, is well known at the national capital. During the days before 1898 he was the secretary of the unrecognized legation from the then struggling island, and at that time was made much of by society at the capital.

SENOR QUESADA.

Senor Quesada is descended from an old Spanish family. One of his ancestors, Gonzales Quesada, was governor of Porto Rico. The Quesadas held large estates in Cuba and before the uprising were among the rich families of the island. His parents were suspected of disloyalty to Spain and were expelled from the island.

Young Quesada, who is about thirty-five years of age, was educated in New York City and is a graduate of the College of the City of New York.

Removing Adipose Tissue.

Mr. Weighbigg—Doctor, your antifat remedies are doing me a great deal of good. I'm losing flesh right along. But, seems to me, your charges are ruinously high.

Doctor (calmly)—That's part of the treatment.—New York Weekly.

A Woman Watchmaker.

Austria's first female watchmaker, Miss Gisela Eifreschitz, has just been admitted to the Vienna Watchmakers' Guild.

Labor World

New York city has 150,000 organized wage workers.

Morganville, W. Va., will have a $1,000,000 plate glass plant.

The Bank of England employs about 1,000 people, pays £250,000 a year in wages and £35,000 a year in pensions.

The Conductors' and Railway Men's Association of Canada, with a membership of about 20,000 employes on Canadian railways, adopted resolutions recently at Montreal not to handle coal mined by non-union miners.

The war against counterfeiters of the Cigarmakers' Union label is bearing fruit, according to the reports from Pennsylvania. A few weeks ago a dealer in Gettysburg, Pa., was fined $100 and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and more recently another dealer in Red Lion, Pa., received a similar sentence. The cigarmakers' officials are elated over the prison sentences, and believe a few more such cases will put an end to the nefarious practice.

The millinery trimmers, makers and preparers, of whom there are many hundreds in Chicago, have answered the bugle call of trades unionism, and hereafter they will trim my lady's hat according to the rules of their union. However, fashion's latest decree in headdress will be carried out as it has been in the past, but the worker who converts wire frames and millinery folds into beautiful creations to cover a woman's crowning glory will ask for more compensation, lighter and airier workrooms and the abolition of three hours of night work "for 35 cents supper money." There are 500 trimmers in the city.

The Iron Molders' Union of North America is making preparations for the inauguration of a general nine-hour workday. At the recent convention held in Toronto the plan was outlined, and all unions instructed to make the shorter workday the paramount issue in future agreements. The different districts will be called into conference shortly, so that some definite action may be taken by January 1 next. In the district which comprises the local unions in Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Detroit and Milwaukee delegates will meet in conference within the next few weeks and launch the nine-hour movement.

HISTORIC CITY OF LORETO.

Situated on the Summit of a Verdant Hill, It Is a Place of Beauty.

There is no hill so fertile, so smiling, or so happily situated in all that beautiful strip of country as the verdant hill to the summit of which is situated the ancient, venerable and historic city of Loreto. Perhaps the best view of it is that you get at evening, the traveler's farewell glimpse, when the amethyst shadow is transparent still, and the far city, "the spiritual city," gleams like a sapphire on the height. But, on the morning I speak of, the sun was scorching, the dust smothering, and as the dense crowd, hundreds on hundreds of men, women and children, laboriously ascended the winding road, the simile was forced upon you of the steep ways of life. Almost all the pilgrims were fasting, and they carried their day's provisions with them; but it was no uncommon thing to see some stout-hearted woman, burdened already, yet place her arm about a weaker sister and help her in the ascent. If the "spiritual city" made me think of Galahad, the dark, close-pressing throng suggested the visions of their own seer, Dante, writes Gabriel F. Powers, in Donahoe's Magazine.

Moving with it we came, through medieval streets, to the dear quaint old piazza with the church striking out its upper outlines boldly against the blue and the golden statue of Mary the Virgin burning above it like a flame. Sixtus V. wrote upon the facade of this temple, defiantly it would seem in our own age of puny faiths and damning questions, and yet the daring makes the soul glad, as do the dauntless blows of some brave champion—"House of God's Mother, in which the Word was made Flesh." It is large and simple, and strong, and seems to challenge you not to enter those sacred precincts with irreverent feet. Inside the church all the stones around the Holy House are worn with the knees and the lips of centuries.

Felicitated Himself Too Soon.

Barber—How's the razor, sir?

Customer—Didn't know I was being shaved.

Barber (flattered)—Very glad, I'm sure, sir.

Customer—I thought I was being sandpapered.—Pick-Me-Up.

Cause of Steam-Pipe Explosions.

Many steam pipe explosions are due to water hammer action. A plug of water only six inches long propelled only two feet under a pressure of fifteen pounds can exert a pressure of 6,400 pounds on being suddenly stopped.

South Africa of Volcanic Origin.

South Africa is of volcanic origin, and the land in the vicinity of Kimberley is so sulphurous that even ants cannot exist upon it.

The average girl may not be able to name the postmaster general, but she can tell what kind of a marriage service is being used before the minister has read half a dozen lines.

Topics of the Times

Perhaps the salt trust was salted.

If procrastination is the thief of time, what does he do with the stolen goods?

If our returning Arctic explorers will kindly cut out the lecture sequel all will be forgiven.

"Would You for Five Million" is the name of one of the new plays. Is it necessary to ask?

The Isthmus of Panama is the vermiform appendix of North America. An operation for appendicitis might help matters.

Those ministers who are using moving pictures, professional whistlers and other devices to attract congregations should try the gospel occasionally.

Word comes from South America that a new volcano has been discovered in Peru. It really was not needed. There were craters enough and to spare already.

Who can blame King Alphonso for getting mad when his mother goes and gets married to her Master of Horse—a sort of livery stable fellow, as we understand it?

A Chicago advertiser wants "young man with rising qualities for mercantile establishment." Probably a euphemistic way of saying that the youth will be required to run the elevator.

"Books do not make men," declares President Hadley of Yale, and that is true. Most men are making books, however, if we may judge from the publishers'-advertisements of new novels.

One of Mr. Carnegie's employes is charged with the theft of about $100,000 from his employer. It speaks well for Mr. Carnegie's Scotch thrift that he missed so insignificant an amount from the cash drawer.

The official figures of Canadian immigration for the fiscal year ended June 30 last show a total of about 70,000 immigrants for the year, of whom 22,000 were from the United States. It is noteworthy that this movement of our people into Canada is increasing rather than diminishing.

A few years ago we were all wearing stiff, flat-brimmed straw hats. Then came an era of flexible ones, later narrow-brimmed, thick and rough ones appeared. Last spring there was a sudden appearance of imitation Panama hats as sudden and unaccountable as the coming of seventeen-year-old locusts. Whence did these hats come? What was the ultimate cause of their being and why did so many people buy them? These are questions which no social philosophy can fathom. They constitute part of the deep mystery of life.

An English wit made an epigram to describe the climate of London: "In a fine day, looking up a chimney; in a foul day, looking down one." Quite as clever was the remark of a London "cabby," when informed by a brother driver that he had as a passenger "a pal of the Shah's—what they call a sun-worshiper." "I suppose he's come over for a holiday." The coronation days had their humorous side, as the cabmen could testify, and even the Oriental, hunting for the sun in a London fog, might forget his defeated desire to worship if he heard himself called a "pal."

Americans are plunging ahead in business channels with amazing energy and rapidly and are restless unless engaged in stupendous enterprises which monopolize all their time, brains and money. This extraordinary activity is rapidly developing the resources of the country, but it certainly is not conducive to long life among the people. Conscientious physicians are becoming tired of warning business men that they are exhausting their vital energies too early in life and are calmly pocketing the fees which are given to keep wrecked constitutions working a little longer.

A student of the Chinese in New York City notes the fact that when a Chinese sues an American he must perforce take the case into the regular civil courts, but that when one Chinese sues another the general public hears nothing of the litigation. It is settled by Chinatown's own mayor, who, although he has no legal means of enforcing his judgments, is so backed up by Chinese public sentiment that any man who fails to abide by his decision is ostracized. This seems an odd situation in an American city, but it is, after all, but an application of the doctrine of "extraterritoriality" by which Americans or other foreigners in China may settle their disputes before their own consular courts.

A memorial bell is to hang in the belfry of the Congregational Church in Harpswell, Me., where the late Rev. Elijah Kellogg ministered for half a century. The young people who read his stories or declaim his "Spartacus" have their own way of remembering him. Those who heard his striking sermons or profited by his helpful pastorate will welcome the sound of the bell—a call to prayer and praise—whether the tones reach the natural ear, or only charm the inner sense born of the imagination. The sea and shore lines of his parish, the lovely environment of a typical pastorate, did not limit his ministry; and the bell which is to send forth its message of bidding and benediction from its home on Casco Bay will have its mission for dwellers in far distant parts of the country.

"The corn crop," remarked the other day an old employe of the Treasury, who has been dealing all his life with the great movements of currency throughout the country, "has more to do with the finances than any other American product. To see how things are coming out, I always watch the corn reports." The reason that this cereal has so important an influence upon the national prosperity is not hard to find. No other crop enters so largely as does this into other things, and so diffuses its influence. Millions of bushels of corn never leave the farms on which they are raised. Nearly all the domestic animals depend upon it. Moreover, the commercial uses to which it is now put are wonderful and diverse. When the wheat crop is light, it is a comparatively easy matter to push up corn—a less expensive product—into some of its places; on the other hand, if the corn crop is deficient, its substitutes entail extra cost, and so derange the agricultural markets. Thus the question arising each year as to the probable magnitude of the corn crop is one of the utmost importance. The yield of the cornfields of the United States, ordinarily three-quarters of the world's harvest, has five times exceeded two billion bushels. Last year it was only about three-fourths of that amount. Its highest point, reached in 1896, exceeded the two-billion mark by nearly three hundred million bushels. This year's crop is expected to be still larger. It would doubtless be gratifying to the aborigines who brought their little baskets of corn to the early English settlers if they could but know that, in spite of the white man's boasted progress of three centuries, their simple cereal is still the basis of his abounding commerical life.

The staid London Chronicle is solemnly discussing the question, "Should Women Work?" just as if women had not been doing the world's work since creation. The first suggestion of labor in all history is in the securing of the apple eaten by Adam and Eve, and it was Eve who picked that. The example then set has been pretty well followed ever since. The Eves are the apple pickers yet. It is true a few women play the role of idle butterflies—but what of it? These are the exceptions that mark the rule. The great majority of women toil unceasingly and with little direct reward. Man at the end of his day's work can count up the money he has made and measure the result. Woman's day's work has no end and no tangible profits. Her only payment as she goes weary-handed and empty-handed to rest is in the heart-satisfaction of having done well a little more of her unending labor of love. There is nothing more pathetic, were it not so common, than the sight—so often seen—of the hard-working, conscientious mother who literally wears out her life in unheralded toil, thankless and not expecting thanks. She has no "eight-hour day." Even a twelve-hour day would be a boon to most wives who in the care of the house and children are always "doing overtime," without thought of extra pay. Among the savages the women do all the work, their lords employing themselves only in the chase and in war. The progress of civilization has consisted largely in getting man to do something for a living, and this progress has come through mothers' training of the sons to share a part of their burdens. Man has devoted much inventive genius to labor-saving devices that render more easy the various departments of production that have become fixed upon man. But woman's work still remains and must ever remain much the same endless round of labor by hand and brain. No machine can do her work—no; no; her work requires a heart in it. Her work is to make the home a haven of rest—for all but herself, who knows no rest this side of heaven. Her work is to implant and nurture the seeds of manhood and womanhood in the souls of her children, that fruits may be borne long after she is gone. Should woman work? Well, when she ceases to work civilization will shrivel and disappear like a sheet of tissue in a flame.

Ingenious if Incorrect.

The Spaniards visited the country now known as Canada before the French, and made careful searches for gold and silver, and finding none they often said aca nada (there is nothing here). The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards, the French arrived, and the Indians, who did not want their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that they were wasting their time by stopping in that country, and so they incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence, aca nada. The French supposed that this constantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and so they called it Canada, a name it has borne ever since. Se non e vero e ben trovato!
it has borne ever since.

Union of Health and Wealth.

Miss Millyun—One can be very happyin this world with health and money.

Deadbroke—Then let's be made one. I have the health and you have the money!—Illustrated Bits.

There ought to be a law against whining.

FRIENDSHIP.

What is the best a friend can be
To any soul, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest—
Inmost refreshment, unexpressed.
Not only a beloved guide
To thread life's labyrinth at our side,
Or with love's torch lead on before,
Though these be much, there yet is more.

The best friend is an atmosphere
Warm with all inspirations dear,
Wherein we breathe the large, free breath
Of life that hath no taint of death.
Our friend is an unconscious part
Of every true beat of our heart;
A strength, a growth, whence we derive
God's health, that keeps the world alive.
—Lucy Larcom.

Love's Reward.

PHILIP had known her ever so long, ever since she came here, a little, rose-lipped child. He drew her to school on his little cart, he taught her to ride when older, and when her favor was no longer to be won by snowy kittens or sugared sweetmeats he had laid at her feet a man's strong love, a heart that was brave and loyal and true as steel.

And she—she thought of the face she had seen for the first time but one short month before, the dark, handsome face that had lighted into a look of involuntary admiration at sight of her, the face of the wealthy city stranger—Edgar Reynolds.

Only one month ago, and already the lustrous eyes had learned to watch for his coming, already the girlish heart had learned to throb at his voice.

And he? No wonder he was fascinated by that fresh young face, and as the days went by he smiled to see how the love of the woman crept into the innocence of the child. And so when Philip Howard asked her for her love she had no heart to give him. She told him so with womanly tenderness and pity, and he had left her presence a very sad, very silent man.

The following day broke fair and bright, with golden sunlight on the hilltops and June-time mists in the valley.

Along the white, winding road leading to the village, in the coolness of the dewy morning, walked Florence Thorne.

The birds are singing their matins in the tree tops; the brook is laughing as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed. In the midst of all this glorious sylvan beauty the elasticity of youth reasserts itself, and the girl's step grows lighter, her heart happier, till she almost forgets her little troubles.

In the village she posts her letters and turns to retrace her steps. She meets many laborers on their way to work, and each man touches his hat and smiles pleasantly on seeing the bright, pretty face, for, young as she is, she has spent many hours helping with kindly offices and gentle pity their wives and little ones.

Coming home, she passes a house that stands in its own grounds—a house with snowy curtains, stretching verandas and a well rolled tennis ground attached. It is far more pretentious than her own cosy house. And well it may be, for it is the boarding house of this rustic little village. It is filled with fashionables just now who have fled from the crush and heat of the city, and, among others, Edgar Reynolds.

At the gate a sudden thought strikes her. The housekeeper's little child is very ill. She will go in and inquire for her. No one save the servant can be up yet. She pushes open the gate and noiselessly flits up the garden path to the rear of the house.

She accomplishes her mission and is returning, when she sees fluttering on the path before her a sheet of creamy note paper. She picks it up and glances around. It must have blown from a window left open on retiring. Yes, there is one directly overhead.

She is about to take it to the housekeeper to return to its owner, when her eyes chance to fall on two words written in a firm, bold hand, "Florence Thorne." It is but a short letter, and the girl, forgetting all honor in the intensity of her surprise, reads every word of it almost before she knows what she has done. It runs:

"Dear Will—Expect me back on Thursday. Am tired of rusticating. It would have been an unbearable bore were it not for an awfully pretty girl, flirting with whom has helped to pass the time. She is the daughter of Allen Thorne, the millionaire's brother, you know. Made a fool of himself by marrying a school teacher's daughter years ago. Florence Thorne is a shy, wild rose—poor, pretty and proud as a princess—but I couldn't afford to ruin my prospects for her, you know. Much as I could do to keep from losing my heart in earnest. Had half a mind to throw over Agatha Vere's thousands, but—pshaw, the bank account carries the day."

There is little more relating to business matters, then the letter closes with the hastily scratched signature, "Edgar Reynolds."

The girl stands stiff and rigid in the bright morning sunlight, a great startled horror in her eyes. All the pretty, childish beauty dies in the strained intensity of that gaze.

Hark! Is that some one coming? For a moment she lifts her hand to her head in a confused, helpless way. Then, crushing the letter into her bosom, she turns and flies fast as her leaden weighted feet will bear her down the path, through the gate, along the dusty highway—home.

Her uncle came to her on receipt of Philip Howard's letter, stating how ill she was, his lonely old heart warming with love toward his brother's orphan child. As for Edgar Reynolds, he had heard of her illness with his usual well-bred indifference.

"Poor little thing! Perhaps it's the best way it could have ended after all," he said, and so, congratulating himself, he had gone back to town, while Philip Howard, far out on the broad Atlantic, a self-made exile from home and friends, carried in his heart of hearts the picture of a lovely, wistful, girlish face, with shyest pansy purple eyes.

* * * * * * *

Three years afterward James Thorne's palace home is a blaze of light and beauty. The massive doors are flung open; the perfume of the flowers floats out on the night air. The soft, brilliant light from the chandeliers, through curtains of amber satin and creamy lace, streams forth on the street below.

She has received them all with a sweet, imperious grace wholly her own, and is walking away, on a partner's arm, when she looks up and sees before her a late arrival—Edgar Reynolds.

The dark, debonair face is handsome as of yore, and it brightens as if with new life when he sees her.

"Florence—Miss Thorne!" He has sprung forward eagerly, and, regardless of the presence of others, held out both hands.

Florence Thorne looks up at him in calm surprise. She does not smile; she does not cry out. No tinge of the rose flush dies from her face. The pansy purple eyes do not droop; the lily hands do not tremble. So she lays her hand a moment in his, coldly, courteously.

"Have you come back at last—at last?"

"Yes, we returned a fortnight ago," rings out the clear, silver voice. "Captain Arthur, will you take me to the ballroom?"

She bows a trifle haughtily to Edgar Reynolds, and leaves the drawing room on her partner's arm.

The night goes by with the ripple of laughter, the crash of music, the tread of dancing feet.

Everywhere admiring eyes follow Florence Thorne, and her uncle looks fondly on and smiles to see the world bow down before his darling.

"Such wit, such repartee, such matchless grace!" they say. "She is the beauty of the season."

"One dance, only one," pleads Edgar Reynolds, "for the sake of old times."

She laughs, that clear, happy laugh of hers, and leaves him.

He stands where she has left him and looks after her with hot, angry eyes.

He has staid single and let Agatha Vere's bank account slip through his hands for the sake of this girl and James Thorne's wealth.

Oh, now—now for one hour of the old dominion.

He sees a servant approach her in the crowd, sees her bend her haughty head and follow him.

"I must have it out with her now," he says, clutching his hands fiercely. "I must awake the old love to-night if ever."

He follows her through the long, gas-lit room till, parting the velvet curtains at the end, she enters a cool, dim, shadowy alcove.

He is just behind her, but draws back quickly in the shade of a tall, flower crowned pillar as he sees a man turn from the marble mantel at the farther end of the room, against which he had been leaning—a man bearded and bronzed and travel stained.

"Oh, Philip!"

The girl sprang forward, a gleaming light in her eyes, a vivid color in her cheeks.

"Little Flo!" he says softly.

It was the old pet name for her when she was a little child. When she grew up a "fair girl graduate, with golden hair," she was "Miss Florence." Now the old name sprang first to his lips.

Both her slender white hands rest in his own—not reluctantly now. The man in the shadow of the velvet portiere looks on with compressed lips. Ah, he recognizes him now—his rustic rival of three years ago.

"Little Flo," he says again, and this time his eyes are suspiciously moist. With a woman's quick perception she sees it and withdraws her hands.

For a moment she is a shy girl again, for she knows how, in spite of wealthy suitors and a countess' coronet, she has faithfully guarded the love awakened three years ago—the true love that flourished when the false love died.

"Have you no better welcome, Florence—no gift of love? Have I loved and waited in vain? Oh, my darling!"

"Silence! This lady is my promised wife."

It is Edgar Reynolds, white with rage, who speaks, but Florence turns to him with her calmest, sweetest smile.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Reynolds. A pretty girl with whom you flirted three years ago helped to pass the time, but she was only a shy, wild rose, and you could not afford to ruin your prospects for her, you know."

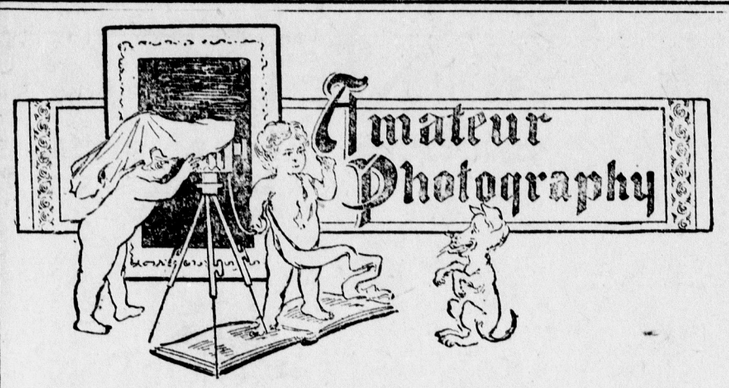
As she speaks she draws from her breast and hands him a sheet of crumpled paper.

Then she turns to the lover of her childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and lays her hands in his, and he clasps the figure in its trailing satin robes close in his strong arms as "little Flo" cries out in alarm:

"Oh, Philip, you have crushed my flowers!"

And Edgar Reynolds goes forth from the room and forth from their lives, and for once true love has its royal reward.—Waverley.

One of the mysteries of nature which we can't understand is how such a delicate, fragrant and attractive flower as the apple blossom can become a hard little green thing which causes cholera morbus.



Oil cloth trays may be considered a cheap and sloppy substitute for the real thing, but if you will try them once when making bromide or velox prints you will continue to use them for that purpose. Apart from the small cost which enables one to have as many trays around as solutions used, there is the cleanliness. Stains on prints are common annoyances when one tray is used for various purposes. Procure a few rough wooden frames about three inches deep and as large as desired for the size you work, a yard or two of white oil cloth and a few tacks is all that is necessary. Take a piece of the oil cloth four inches larger each way than your frame and tack it around the outside one and a half inches from the edge. The surface is not so liable to scratch your prints, and it is easy to clean when through with.

In his address before the convention of the Photographers' Association of America, Lucius W. Hitchcock said the following, which is excellent advice for any amateur: "Get your impressions from nature, and don't try to manufacture them in cold blood. Art is largely a matter of seeing. It is the same old story of a young student starting out with his sketching outfit, and walking four miles to find something to paint, and the master doing beautiful things in his back yard. Not that everything is beautiful, and worth painting, for it isn't but there are lots of beautiful things that you will pass every day because you have not the eyes to see them. Keep on the alert for beautiful combinations and arrangements all the time. You are just as apt to see them in the street cars as anywhere else, and if you store up a reserve of souvenirs of this sort you will do more original and better pictures. It is far better than copying what another fellow sees and does before you."

There is a wide difference of opinion as to what is the perfect negative. Of course, the experienced worker will make a negative for a certain paper and with a certain object in view, that, if it suits his purpose is a perfect negative, although it may be useless for other papers. But it is to dispel the idea in the mind of the beginner, that a perfect negative must be crisp and clear, black and white. As most amateurs make "snap shots" and these are as a general rule under-exposed, they are especially liable to turn our black and white negatives, more especially if they use prepared developers, which are mostly hydrokinone, on account of its keeping qualities in solution. Now hydrokinone is a harsh developer and only suitable for negatives that have received ample exposure.

Ortol is a good all around developer for snap shots, where pyro is disliked, but, with all its staining qualities, pyro can be excelled. Pyro and metol in combination is a developer that can be adapted easily to long or short exposures by diluting the developer and a much under-exposed negative can be made to yield a fair print by leaving it in a diluted pyro-metol developer until well stained through the film. Such a negative is a disappointment to look at, but the print is better than the negative in detail and contrast. The amber color of a pyro developed negative, although thin, makes it a slower printer than a much more dense, black and white negative developed in hydrokinone, metol, amidol or rodinal. In the perfect negative there should be only absolute opacity in the very highest lights, such as the glancing of the sun on the crest of the waves, and absolute transparency only where the lines require to be pure black. Between these two extremes these must be even gradations through all the tones and half tones. Over-exposure tends to produce the middle tones at the expense of the lights and shadows. Under-exposure gives the extremes at the loss of the half tones. Thus in a known case of under-exposure the pyro developer by its stain retards the printing and tends to bring out on the paper every bit of detail that is in the negative, while black and white negatives, although rapid printers, do not do themselves justice on paper.—Camera and Dark Room.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE THEM.

Names of Cities that Are Variously Sounded by the Public.

The suggestion has been made that the proper pronunciation of the name St. Louis should be finally determined before the opening of the Louisiana purchase fair in that city, and it is urged the council of St. Louis or even the Legislature of Missouri should pass upon the question. It is pointed out that an immemorial dispute over the proper pronunciation of Arkansas was settled by the Legislature of that State in 1881, when it was enacted that the pronunciation should be "Arkansaw," and the State lived happily ever after. The name St. Louis was bestowed by the French when the place was settled, and the French pronunciation is Loo-ee, to rhyme with the name of Admiral Dewey. The English pronunciation is "Lewiss," practically rhyming with the word Jewess. The suggestion, once made, does not, of course, halt lamely at St. Louis.

When the dispute is settled there it is proposed to ask Kentucky to declare whether the name of that Commonwealth's chief city shall be Loo-ey-ville or Lew-is-ville. And Illinois might settle the point whether the name of the thriving city of Joliet shall be pronounced as the French explorer after whom it was named did—Zhole-ya—or whether it shall be called Jolly-yet. All this is exceedingly stimulating to the mind which keeps reaching out for wider fields, like the mind of a man afflicted with the habit of indiscriminate punning. There are plenty of other towns which need attention. The name of the city of Beaufort, in France, is pronounced Bow-for. A town in North Carolina, named after it, is known as Bowfort, while one in South Carolina is called Bu-fert. A noted French seaport, Calais, is pronounced Kal-lay, while its namesake up in Maine is called Kal-lis.

The Richest Baby.

The prospective heiress to the greatest fortune in the world—a tiny, blue-eyed, blonde-haired baby with a grandfather worth $110,000,000 (a father whose worldly goods are estimated at over $50,000,000, a great-uncle rated at over $300,000,000 and another grandfather with a modest fortune of about $15,000,000—lies blissfully unconscious of her wealth in her father's cottage at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson.

Her $50,000,000 father is Percy Avery Rockefeller.

Her $110,000,000 grandfather is William Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate.

Her $15,000,000 maternal grandfather is James Stillman, president of the City National Bank.

Her $300,000,000 great-uncle is John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world.

What the tiny lady, who is Miss Isabelle Rockefeller, will be worth when she comes of age, no one will dare to estimate, for the fortunes of her father and her grandfathers are increasing daily at an almost incredible rate.

The occasion of little Miss Rockefeller's coming was welcomed the more for being a girl, for though William Rockefeller has several other grandchildren, they are all boys. The day after her coming presents began to shower upon her from wealthy relatives and friends.

It Was a Monkey.

I was invited, along with other Europeans on the beach, to one of the biggest plays that have been seen in Opobo. At the feast all kinds of fish, fowl and soup, cooked after the native fashion, were served. Every one thoroughly enjoyed the feast until, near to the finish, the chaser (dessert) was brought in. This dish they called palm oil chop. While it was being served there rolled out of the vessel what to all appearance was a human skull. Suddenly all the Europeans turned pale, as though suffering from an attack of seasickness, and the symptoms they developed were identical, for that dinner would not stay down.

The chief, in alarm, inquired what had made his friends so ill. One of the sufferers, whose eyes protruded from their sockets, placed his handkerchief to his mouth, and jerked his thumb in the direction of the skull.

The chief grasped the situation and with unaffected concern tried to comfort his sick guests by saying: "It be all right. He be no man. He be monkey!"

How Russell Sage Is Guarded.

Mr. Sage's office is in the building occupied by the National Bank of Commerce, in Nassau street. In an anteroom sits his faithful guardian and confidential man, Mr. Menzies, through whom the aged financier must be reached. Mr. Menzies is protected by a partition having a latticed wire top with iron spikes reaching to the ceiling. It would be impossible for a man to climb over these spikes or to throw a bomb between them. Mr. Sage is not always accompanied in the street or in traveling between his home and office by a bodyguard or detective. Frequently he goes about entirely alone, and seemingly is without fear except when in his office.—New York Press.

Where Women Are Favored.

At the old-fashioned inns and restaurants in Sweden it is customary to charge less for women than for men, on the theory that they do not eat so much. At some hotels in Sweden a man and a wife are charged as one and one-half persons if they occupy the same room. A husband and wife may travel as one and one-half persons by railway and also by the post routes, furnishing their own carriage.

If a man loves a girl more than tongue can tell he should show her his pocket-book.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1902.

Every State in the great Northwest went Republican save and except little Nevada.

Idaho is Republican and out goes Heitfelt. It will be Fred Dubois turn next.

Bert Hitchcock beat Mercer for Congress in Nebraska by the aid of Rosewater's Republican Bee.

This town has established a permanent Fire District. It has voted the tax, bought hose, and built a hose house. It lacks and wants and it must have a first-class permanent Fire Company. To be permanent the Fire Company must be composed of permanent citizens. Will Mr. Tom Mason or some other good property owner start the ball rolling for a Fire Company.

There has been some talk of a contest over the election of Sheriff in this County. It has also been rumored that the contestee will in case of a contest rely for success mainly upon throwing out tickets upon which voters have stamped the squares opposite the words "No nomination." The electors who marked or stamped their ballots in the manner aforesaid simply made a mistake. They had no intention to do wrong or commit a fraud. Their intent was honest and their vote was an honest vote. The man or the men who would take advantage of a technical error and obtain an office through the disfranchisement of honest voters will be condemned by all fair-minded men. We do not believe any such attempt will be made.

Since writing a paragraph relative to a contest over the office of Sheriff we learn that Mr. Robert S. Chatham has filed such contest. The entire matter will now go before the Court and be thoroughly investigated. Should it appear that Mr. Chatham has received a majority of the votes, he will be declared Sheriff of San Mateo County. The Court is impartial and the recount will be fair and honest.

RUMOR REGARDING DIVISION OF COUNTY

A rumor is in circulation throughout the county to the effect that an effort will shortly be made to make some radical changes in the boundaries of this county, and it is said the idea first made its appearance in Redwood City.

The plan is said to be the throwing of that part of the county from Baden northward into San Francisco county and the extension of the southerly boundary to include Palo Alto and the Leland Stanford University. In both sections indicated bitter opposition will be met with, and as each locality decides by vote for itself the chances for the change are dubious. Palo Alto is satisfied to remain in Santa Clara county and Colma and vicinity, especially the various cemeteries, will fight the proposition to the last ditch. It is thought the change was suggested in the interest of perpetuating the county seat at Redwood City.—Leader, San Mateo.

There will be no change in the boundaries of San Mateo County. No such change as above indicated is needed to keep the county seat at Redwood City. Leave the county seat where it is and stop talking nonsense.

San Mateo County
Election Returns, 1902
(OFFICIAL)

NAMES OF CANDIDATES.	Baden	Belmont	Colma	Dennison	La Honda	Menlo Park	Millbrae	Pescadero	Purissima	Redwood No 1	Redwood No. 2	Redwood No. 3	San Gregorio	San Mateo No. 1	San Mateo No. 2	San Mateo No. 3	Searsville	Spanishtown	Woodside	Total	Majority
Total vote of precincts	247	117	266	36	49	262	74	175	60	284	177	61	69	251	277	171	48	198	145	2967	
Governor—																					
George C. Pardee, R	104	72	81	27	32	91	37	130	27	134	84	26	42	86	146	69	29	108	101	1426	43
Franklin K. Lane, D	131	39	173	7	11	167	32	33	32	131	86	31	25	131	118	96	18	81	41	1383	
Gideon S Brower, S	2	2	1	....	4	....	....	....	....	4	....	....	....	10	4	1	....	....	....	28	
Theodore D Kanouse, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	
Lieutenant-Governor—																					
Alden Anderson, R	118	78	84	24	30	91	41	132	27	141	88	26	43	90	152	72	29	111	100	1477	309
I. B. Dockweiler, D	110	31	136	9	13	150	27	30	27	110	67	25	22	108	103	86	13	68	33	1168	
Frank R. Whitney, S	2	2	1	....	5	2	....	....	....	4	....	1	....	11	6	1	....	....	1	36	
S. P. Meads, P	....	2	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	
Secretary of State—																					
Charles F. Curry, R	124	91	113	24	33	113	44	129	27	157	96	30	41	104	182	78	28	120	101	1635	691
Alexander Rosborough, D	96	20	114	7	10	124	19	28	24	89	52	19	24	80	71	68	12	60	27	944	
Fred C. Wheeler, S	2	2	1	....	4	....	2	....	....	4	....	....	....	14	5	3	....	....	1	38	
Arthur C. Banta, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	1	1	....	....	....	1	1	1	1	....	1	....	1	9	
Controller—																					
E. P Colgan, R	126	89	110	24	33	101	46	124	28	153	92	32	42	98	184	83	29	117	98	1609	671
Frederick Harkness, D	89	22	104	9	10	136	17	32	24	89	57	21	20	82	62	63	12	60	29	938	
S. Edgar Alderman, S	2	2	4	....	4	1	1	1	....	5	....	1	....	12	5	2	....	1	1	42	
J. E McComas, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	1	1	....	....	1	....	2	7	
Treasurer—																					
Truman Reeves, R	122	88	105	23	32	103	41	122	28	152	91	30	46	98	180	84	28	115	97	1585	633
Sam H. Brooks, D	93	23	107	8	11	135	23	31	23	87	55	21	20	79	67	63	13	64	29	952	
Oswald Seifert S	3	2	1	....	4	1	1	1	....	4	....	....	....	13	6	3	....	1	1	41	
James Campbell, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	2	....	....	1	1	1	7	
Attorney General—																					
U. S. Webb, R	121	90	106	24	32	102	45	123	28	158	92	34	46	97	168	83	28	117	100	1594	668
William A. Gett, D	94	20	96	8	11	133	15	31	24	84	52	18	19	83	73	63	13	61	28	926	
Cameron H. King, S	3	2	2	....	4	1	2	1	....	5	....	....	....	12	6	3	....	1	1	43	
Joel H Smith, P	1	1	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	1	....	....	....	2	....	1	2	....	9	
Surveyor-General																					
Victor H Woods, R	120	88	103	26	28	107	43	136	31	165	86	30	49	100	176	80	31	115	99	1613	693
Charles H. Holcomb, D	95	25	102	6	13	128	17	24	21	75	64	21	16	78	68	65	11	62	29	920	
Walter Stevenson, S	2	1	3	....	3	3	2	....	....	4	....	1	....	13	8	2	....	1	2	45	
Thomas B. Russell, P	....	1	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	1	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	1	6	
Clerk of the Supreme Court—																					
Frank C. Jordan, R	117	90	104	24	32	109	43	126	29	152	94	33	46	99	172	86	29	114	98	1597	683
Lawrence H. Wilson, D	98	22	100	8	10	131	17	30	22	89	52	18	16	71	72	58	12	61	27	914	
Scott Anderson, S	4	2	2	....	4	2	2	1	....	5	....	....	....	14	7	3	....	1	1	48	
C. C Collins, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	1	1	5	
Superintendent of Public Instruction—																					
Thomas J. Kirk, R	115	89	104	22	31	102	45	126	30	151	91	33	47	97	174	85	30	111	97	1580	648
E. W. Lindsay, D	100	23	103	7	12	132	17	30	22	87	55	19	17	76	69	60	12	62	29	932	
Anna F. Smith, S	3	1	1	....	4	3	2	1	....	6	....	....	....	13	6	3	....	1	1	45	
Charlton Edholm, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	1	....	....	....	1	....	4	
Superintendent of State Printing—																					
W. W. Shannon, R	128	90	124	23	32	118	47	125	31	158	98	30	47	109	183	96	31	111	99	1680	830
E. I. Woodman, D	90	21	85	6	11	119	17	29	21	82	54	19	16	69	59	49	11	63	29	850	
S. H. Laverty, S	3	1	2	....	4	3	1	1	....	4	....	....	....	12	6	1	....	1	1	40	
Leroy S. Atwood, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	1	....	1	....	....	3	....	....	1	....	8	
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—																					
William H. Beatty, R	116	90	123	23	31	118	47	125	28	160	90	33	50	95	180	91	30	108	102	1640	760
John K. Law, D	94	22	84	8	11	119	12	31	23	79	55	18	14	89	66	58	12	61	24	880	
H. G Walker, S	5	1	3	....	3	....	2	3	....	7	....	....	....	11	5	2	....	....	1	43	
T. M. Stewart, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	1	....	4	
Associate Justices of the Supreme Court—																					
F M. Angelotti, R	118	88	126	24	31	124	49	125	25	155	85	33	50	98	174	92	29	114	90	1630	784
E C. Farnsworth, D	93	23	81	6	10	107	12	29	23	82	52	17	12	83	64	53	13	59	27	846	
Emil Liess S	4	1	3	....	4	....	1	1	....	4	1	1	....	12	4	2	....	....	2	39	
James H. Blanchard, P	....	1	1	....	....	....	1	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	1	....	....	....	1	7	
Lucien Shaw, R	60	56	53	18	25	76	28	87	18	84	59	21	26	54	100	50	17	58	55	945	367
D. K. Trask, D	44	14	63	2	10	77	9	25	11	47	31	9	8	56	46	46	12	47	21	578	
Wayland C. Shepard, S	....	2	3	....	4	....	....	1	....	2	....	....	....	6	2	1	....	....	1	22	
M. L. Wicks, P	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	1	....	....	1	....	....	1	1	5	
Representative in Congress—																					
Eugene F Loud, R	103	70	75	22	23	66	27	87	20	110	73	22	36	80	155	84	22	103	85	1263	
W. J. Wynn, D., U-L	121	40	170	10	18	185	38	69	33	145	88	32	28	133	106	70	21	78	49	1434	171
Joseph Lawrence, S	3	1	1	....	5	....	2	....	....	4	....	....	....	8	1	1	....	1	1	28	....
Frank E. Caton, P	....	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	4	
Member Board of Equalization, 4th District—																					
Frank Mattison, R	111	85	90	22	27	111	40	126	28	147	88	27	40	103	170	77	28	113	101	1534	678
James Hanley, D	88	20	91	6	12	116	18	25	24	84	51	21	18	66	62	55	12	60	27	856	
Frank A. Marek, S	6	2	4	....	4	3	1	1	....	3	1	....	....	11	7	1	....	....	1	45	
J. C. Thomas, P	1	1	....	....	....	....	1	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	1	....	....	2	....	8	
Railroad Commissioner, Second District—																					
Adam Andrew, R	101	71	84	23	23	88	42	116	29	111	75	24	41	82	140	75	24	106	82	1337	399
Samuel Braunhart, D	111	34	100	8	13	137	17	33	21	81	41	18	14	76	59	64	13	68	30	938	
John Barduhn, S	4	1	2	....	2	1	....	....	....	3	....	....	....	9	5	2	....	....	1	30	
C. B. Williams, P	....	1	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	1	1	....	1	1	....	1	....	....	7	
C C O Donnell, I	5	6	20	....	2	9	4	3	1	54	31	10	1	34	51	9	4	....	16	260	
Member of Assembly, 53d Assembly District—																					
H. W. Brown, R	84	87	104	23	29	108	34	122	21	132	77	27	38	99	163	69	24	84	80	1405	146
James T. Casey, D	141	25	138	12	17	134	30	41	34	114	73	24	27	112	91	82	21	94	49	1259	
Judge of the Superior Court—																					
George C Ross, R	75	65	68	19	33	115	30	92	21	100	69	23	24	88	141	54	25	100	65	1207	
George H. Buck, D	149	48	173	13	16	134	37	72	33	171	101	37	44	130	122	105	20	87	71	1563	356
County Clerk—																					
Herman W. Schaberg, R	101	87	89	23	21	109	44	113	20	142	85	32	30	75	148	63	28	80	77	1367	38
J. V. Swift D	116	25	142	10	27	131	23	46	39	130	83	26	34	127	108	86	17	98	61	1329	
Sheriff—																					
R S. Chatham, R	96	66	77	23	28	131	39	93	24	134	113	30	44	82	103	72	37	100	86	1378	
J. H. Mansfield, D	139	47	173	12	20	120	31	74	34	139	61	30	23	142	159	90	10	85	52	1441	63
Recorder—																					
John F. Johnston, R	135	90	120	28	31	103	56	128	36	158	102	36	50	112	190	91	32	103	87	1688	817
George West, D	66	21	80	6	13	132	14	24	19	106	60	13	15	76	60	51	10	73	41	871	
Auditor—																					
W. H Underhill, R	115	75	56	15	8	102	42	92	23	62	44	20	17	104	170	85	13	94	48	1185	
George Barker, I	65	33	156	17	32	104	18	63	24	191	111	33	44	79	79	44	32	64	78	1267	82
Tax Collector—																					
Frank M. Granger, R	154	100	152	29	38	155	59	148	39	209	126	41	50	144	220	109	37	123	106	2039	....
District Attorney—																					
Joseph J. Bullock, R	130	87	152	30	34	167	47	123	41	139	88	38	36	147	194	103	30	99	79	1764	996
Henry W. Walker I	68	20	61	6	10	54	16	39	14	119	75	11	28	35	57	25	16	68	46	768	
Assessor—																					
Clarence D. Hayward, R	154	103	148	30	38	155	59	148	40	212	127	41	51	140	223	112	36	120	109	2046	....
Treasurer—																					
P. P. Chamberlain, R	143	103	130	28	39	137	50	144	40	207	131	43	51	139	210	97	41	126	117	1979	1431
James Hardgrove, D	63	6	156	7	5	104	12	8	13	46	25	10	7	45	45	43	5	32	16	548	
Superintendent of Schools—																					
Etta M. Tilton, R	130	74	131	28	24	52	41	103	30	160	79	30	29	127	210	96	24	94	83	1554	336
Nellie Casey, D	99	36	110	8	23	202	29	51	29	97	86	27	37	98	61	64	22	83	56	1218	
Coroner and Public Administrator—																					
James Crowe, R	142	105	149	27	34	168	54	135	37	212	123	44	53	153	235	122	37	123	101	2054	....
Surveyor—																					
W B. Gilbert, R	124	76	115	30	42	117	47	127	38	222	128	43	50	107	122	57	28	115	103	1691	818
D. Bromfield, D	81	31	81	3	2	122	18	27	17	37	24	8	14	93	135	92	16	41	31	873	

No Need For Hustle.

A gentleman who had business in a small town "out west" had ordered some important letters sent there, and on his arrival went to the postoffice to inquire for them.

"No letters here for you," said the postmaster.

"They ought to have been here yesterday."

"Couldn't have got here yesterday. Old Brown, who carries the mail, was drunk and didn't go over to Iosco after it."

"And how about today?"

"Well, he's sober enough today, but his old woman has cut her foot."

"But there will be mail tomorrow?"

"Skassly, sir. We don't have any mail on Thursdays."

"Then how about next day?"

"Friday is sort of off day with the Iosco postmaster, and he generally goes fishing. If he don't, he sends the boy over. I never count on it, however."

"You seem to have a slipshod way of running postal affairs out in this country."

"Waal, I dunno but we have," he admitted, as he looked over the top of his spectacles, "but as long as nobody but Uncle Bill Simpson ever gets any mail, and that's only a circular about how to kill cockroaches, we kinder take things easy and let the United States run along without busting her b'iler."—Baltimore Herald.

The Orkney Islands.

"The member from the Orkneys" is the only man in the British house of commons who can say he sits for 200 islands. Only sixty of the islands are inhabited, but the constituency embraces more than 60,000 people.

The Orkneys were once given by Norway to England as security for a queen's dower and never redeemed. In the islands the voters must go to the polls by boats, and in some cases the distance to be traveled is eight miles.

Capacity.

Nothing will give permanent success in any enterprise of life except native capacity cultivated by honest and persevering effort. Genius is often but the capacity for receiving and improving by discipline.—George Eliot.

The First Steam Cruiser.

It is generally known that the first steam driven vessel to cross the Atlantic was built in Canada. The information is not so general, however, that this same craft was subsequently converted into a cruiser and was the first steamship engaged in actual war.

The facts in the case are stated in "Johnson's Alphabet of First Things In Canada." The ship was the Royal William. She was built at the Cove, Quebec, in the winter of 1830-31 and during the season of 1832-33 plied between Quebec and Halifax. In the latter season she was sent to London and there chartered by the Portuguese government to transport troops intended for the service of the late Dom Pedro to Brazil. Returning to London, she was sold to the Spanish government, by the latter converted into a cruiser and employed against Don Carlos in the civil war of 1836, thus being the first steamer to fire a hostile shot.

Unparalleled Generosity.

Town Councilor—Have you heard, Mr. Skinflint, that our generous townsman, Mr. Muller, is defraying the cost of a new promenade all round the town? We think a wealthy man like yourself might also do something for us.

Skinflint—Well, what do you say to my giving you a park of oak trees?

Town Councilor—Oh, you noble hearted philanthropist! Why, do you really mean to—

Skinflint—Yes, yes; I'll make the town a present of an oak forest. You have only to find the land, and I will supply you with as many acorns as you may want for seed.—Chronik der Zeit.

Too Much Food.

Much of the sinking, tired and empty feeling from which business men who work their brains alone so often suffer is due to the accumulation of toxins in the system which want "working off." Two meals a day and active exercise are the preventive, and there is no exercise which can be got at any time and by anybody to the extent that walking can. But to do good it must not be sauntering. Really "smart" walking is what is wanted.—Hospital.

Modern Surgery.

Your modern surgeon of note is a "sterile" man. The operating room, almost hermetically sealed and at a temperature of 100 degrees or thereabout, is purified daily by means of a hose throwing a solution of bichloride of mercury over ceiling, walls and floors. The surgeon arrives in an anteroom in his civilian's garb. He is required to be clean shaven, like a monk, says the New York Press. His clothes are removed. Two attendants in the sterilizing room hand him a white duck gown reaching from collar to heel and a cowl of the same material which covers tightly every part of his head except eyes, nose and mouth. The sleeves of the gown reach to his elbows. He incases his hands in the thinnest, finest sterilized rubber gloves. These garments are handed to him in sterilized tongs. There has been no human contact. Thus equipped he is prepared to saw and slice.

The Original Wedding Cake.

Our wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheat ears, and many centuries later an English bride wore on her head a chaplet of wheat. The attendant girls threw corn, either in grains or in small bits of biscuit or cake, upon the heads of the newly married couple, and the guests picked up the pieces and ate them. Such was the beginning of the wedding cake, which did not come into general use until the eighteenth century and was then composed of solid blocks laid together and iced all over with sugar, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head the cakes inside fell on the floor, and they were then distributed among the company.

Merida, the capital of Yucatan is, it is said, the richest city in Mexico in proportion to its population, which is placed anywhere from 50,000 to 90,000. It is also the dirtiest city in Mexico, which is saying something very unpleasant, for there are few clean cities in the sister republic. Merida has neither a water nor a sewerage system, and that it is not depopulated every year speaks well for the constitutions of the inhabitants.

A General Invitation.

The old story of the man who saw on the rail of the organ gallery in a little western church a placard bearing the words: "Don't shoot the organist. He's doing the best he can," has lately been matched by another somewhat like it.

A man recently returned from a mining region where one Sunday he attended a service in the only church for miles around. As he entered the strains of an organ, apparently in great distress, reached his ears, and when he was seated he looked up to discover who the player was.

On the back of the parlor organ, which stood on the platform, was a neatly lettered square of pasteboard which read, "Come up and try it yourself!"

A Bombay man has constructed a bedstead priced at 10,000 rupees. It is thus described: "It has at its four corners four full sized, gaudily dressed Grecian damsels—those at the head holding banjos, while those on the right and left hold fans. Beneath the cot is a musical box which extends the whole length of the cot and is capable of playing twelve charming airs. The music begins the moment the least pressure has been brought to bear from the top, which is created by one sleeping or sitting, and ceases the moment the individual rises. While the music is in progress the lady banjoists at the head manipulate the strings with their fingers and move their heads, while the two Grecian damsels at the bottom fan the sleeper to sleep.

And One of Them Went Wrong.

Adam was lucky in another way. He had no friends to come around telling him how he ought to bring up his boys.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Yorkshire Men's Fingers.

A Yorkshire man and a Lancashire man were conversing together the other day.

The Lancashire man said to the Yorkshire man, "Well, Bill, do you know the best way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers?"

"No," says Bill.

"Well, I will tell you what happened at our place the other day. Yorkshire Dan had two of his fingers cut off with a steam saw, and they got lost among the sawdust, and two of my mates were down on their hands and knees looking for them when the foreman came up and asked what they were doing.

"One of them said:

"'We are looking for Dan's fingers.'

"'Oh, come out of the road,' said the foreman. 'That's not the way to find a Yorkshire man's fingers.' at the same time taking a shilling out of his pocket and throwing it among the sawdust, when the two fingers at once popped up after it.

"'There,' said the foreman, 'that's the way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers.'"—Pearson's.

Do It Now.

"Do It Now," is the motto which the head of the stationery bureau of the postoffice department keeps over his desk. He explains that next to doing a thing, having to bear in mind that it must be done is most wearing, and so prefers to cut off the unnecessary tax by meeting the real one promptly.

Gilhooley—Oi jist bought me a bottle of hair restorer.

Mulcahey—But your hair ain't falling out.

Gilhooley—Thot's jist it! If Oi shtart usin' it now, Oi won't git bald when the hair does fall out.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,
South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

AND

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

AGENT

HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

It was a soaker.

Economy is wealth.

Sunshine after storm.

Politics barred and everybody busy.

Bailey is painting the new warehouse.

Bailey has painted the new hose house.

No empty houses and no idle men in town.

Capt. Wm. Rehberg is ill at Halfmoon Bay

Mrs. E. Vestey of San Francisco was in town Thursday.

H. Gaerdes is thinking of putting up another tenement house.

Colma hogs have been coming to market lively of late.

Mrs. Anderson has opened a restaurant in the Merriam block.

Born—In this town, November 18th, to the wife of R. Gollnick, a daughter.

Mrs. Cunningham has been seriously ill the past week, but is at present improving.

Born—In this town, on November 14th, to the wife of Theo. Berlinger, a fine daughter.

Will Gindorf of San Francisco paid Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham a visit on Friday of last week.

The riveters have finished on the big oil tank and the painters are at work giving it a coat of red paint.

Mrs. N. W. Rollins of Lathrop is spending a couple of weeks here visiting her son, Zell Rollins, and wife.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

Died—In South San Francisco, Tuesday, November 18th, Alice Elizabeth, beloved daughter of Christina and the late William Bergman, a native of South San Francisco, aged 1 year 7 months and 8 days. The funeral was held November 19th. Interment Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

The construction crew and train of twenty-six cars, which has been at San Carlos for some time, came to San Mateo yesterday. The gang will commence immediately on the double track between Burlingame and San Mateo.—San Mateo Leader.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

The bridge crew has been the cause of the principal delay on the electric road, but now their work is almost completed. The work of laying a second track between Burlingame and Millbrae will now go on, and the poles to carry the wires will be set up. It would not be surprising to see a car enter the city within four weeks.—Leader, San Mateo.

The track gang which is employed in building the double road from San Jose to San Francisco have moved their quarters from Mayfield to Castro. The line is now rapidly approaching San Jose. Already the main line trains are running over the double track from San Mateo to San Bruno and from Redwood to Palo Alto.—Leader, San Mateo.

On Saturday, November 15th, about 6 o'clock p. m., a man named John Horgan was struck by a southbound train of the Southern Pacific Company in front of the Tanforan Hotel and almost instantly killed. The facts as developed at the inquest are as follows: John Horgan, who was an employe of the United Railroads of San Francisco and engaged in construction work on the San Mateo electric line, was returning from work with his fellow workmen to the hotel of Gilman & Lynch at Tanforan, where the men board. In his eagerness to cross the railroad track, Horgan did not wait for the train to pass, but crossed or attempted to cross in front of the approaching train. He was evidently nearly clear of the track when the locomotive struck him, breaking his neck and his left arm below the shoulder. The train was running at full speed and threw the body of the unfortunate man some fifteen feet and into the ditch on the east side of the road. One witness testified that the whistle was blown by the approaching train two or three times before the man was struck. The body was buried at Holy Cross Cemetery on Tuesday by Coroner Crowe, the expense of the funeral being paid by the fellow workmen of the deceased.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

The scow Adelia took the last load of clay from Warren's clay pit for the past season.

The greatest joke on the San Bruno road comes to light by Hoffman making the assertion that he voted for Dr. Pardee—aber nit.

"Bill Jones" says he could have won all kinds of money on Dr. Pardee from Hoffman. And Hoffman says Jones had cold feet. The scribe don't understand what Hoffman means.

The election is over and the result is universally known. Though there may be a contest for the Governorship it will be of no material difference after the recount. Now is a fit time to consider the ways of politics. Having spent much money and time on the chance of an office, is the spending of this time and money likely to make the successful candidate true to his trust? Does the defeated candidate feel that he has received a run for his money and feel more of respect and love for his country and the society in which he lives because of its excepted manner of selecting officials? Yes! I guess so.

Now that the election is over, our esteemed supervisor has an opportunity to finish repairing the San Bruno road. Previous to election day the different candidates kept the San Brunoites in a state of hilarious lunacy and supplied cigars enough that when they would all puff at the same time a person would imagine that the Guadaloupe fields were afire again. But now everything is quiet and serene, and the good intentions of our supervisor can once more be spread in such a way that every one driving over the road this winter will have only words of praise instead of trying to send him to purgatory, as they did last winter.

TWO MEN AND BOAT ARE MISSING

Lighthouse Keeper Young and His Son Go Out in Small Craft to Fix San Bruno Beacon and Fail to Return.

SEARCHERS FAIL TO FIND TRACE

Heavy Sea Was Running, and it is Believed That Waves Swamped Frail Boat and Both Occupants Drowned.

PAIR MAY HAVE BEEN DRIVEN DOWN SHORE

George Young, the keeper of the United States light at San Bruno Point, in San Mateo county, below South San Francisco, accompanied by his son, Dwight, went out in a small boat during the storm Wednesday night to fix the light and have not been heard of since. Search parties were out on the bay all day yesterday, but failed to find any trace of either the boat or its occupants.

It was at the height of the storm, about 7 o'clock in the evening, when the Youngs embarked. There was somethng wrong with the Government beacon light and Young had determined to go out and repair the damage. There was a heavy sea running and the little craft was tossed about by wind and waves.

The Youngs did not return and in the morning a number of boats began cruising about the waters in that vicinity in the hope of finding some trace of the pair. They were unsuccessful.

It is hoped that the Youngs may have been forced to run before the heavy north gale and that they are stormbound or driven ashore at some point down the bay shore.—S. F. Examiner.

Friday morning the U. S. Lighthouse Service sent out a launch in search of the missing boat and its occupants, and the Western Meat Company sent out another.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by the Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday, all the members were present.

The board changed the date of the Redwood City High school bonds from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15, in order to give the purchasers the benefit of the tax exemption which was carried at the late election.

Thomas C. Yates, an old resident of the Second township, applied for aid and was allowed $8 per month from Nov. 15.

Chairman McEvoy said that several architects were present and would like to be heard regarding the new courthouse.

Architects Wm. Mooser, Charles I. Havens, H. Geilfus and Curtis Tobey Jr. were present, and Mr. Mooser replied to Mr. McEvoy's invitation to speak by saying he and his brother architects were in doubt as to what was wanted of them. They were present in response to an invitation which did not contain any definite proposition.

Mr. McEvoy explained that it was proposed to build a $125,000 courthouse and the material to be used would be granite.

The architects suggested that the best way to proceed was to prepare a program of what was wanted and in this way the architects could enlighten the board. A short discussion of the plans for the new courthouse was then went into by the architects and the supervisors. Curtis Tobey Jr. presented a sketch and the same was fully inspected by the board, who thought it was not in accordance with the views of the supervisors.

At the December meeting the matter will be further discussed. The architects will then be present with the necessary data.

The petition of Daniel Segee and others for the opening of Maple street in the Homestead was continued to Dec. 1.

Monday, Dec. 15th, was fixed as the date for hearing the report of viewers in the matter of the new road from Pescadero into the Big Basin.

J. H. Hatch, superintendent of the Poor Farm, presented his resignation and it was accepted to take effect Nov. 30th.

Peter Foley was granted a rebate on the unused portion of his liquor license.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

SOOTHING SHOPPING.

A Peaceful Experience at the East Norley General Emporium.

The exhausted shopper sank upon the sofa, while from the open mouth of her reversed Boston bag poured a cascade of little parcels, freshly struggled for at the Monday bargain counters.

"Oh," she cried, "why does one have to shop in the city? Everything is so hurried, confused, complex, distracting and nerve destroying! If I were only back at East Norley!

"Last summer while I was there I had to buy a yard of dark blue ribbon, and I drove over to the one store at the crossroads to get it. It took some five minutes to convince the amiable proprietor that I really wanted dark blue and could not be persuaded to accept light instead, which he considered more suitable and becoming to a fair complexioned person of my years; he added reassuringly that anybody under forty was not too young for baby blue.

"Another five minutes were given up to his incredulous reluctance to believe that two inches wide would not do as well as three, especially as the three inch width had been mislaid on a top shelf and he would have to get a stepladder to get it down. Several more minutes passed in the search for the ladder, its laborious portage from the cellar, its erection and repair with a piece of twine, the braces being broken, and his final ascent to the dim and dusty upper region, whence the box of wide ribbons was at length produced.

"I found a shade that would do, and he leisurely measured off a yard, fingered it, then paused to rub a perplexed ear and smile ingratiatingly.

"'Fact is,' he confided sweetly, 'I sold the last pair of scissors in the store just before you came in, and I've forgotten my jackknife. It's kind of awkward cutting it off, but I'll manage somehow. I guess there's an ax in the shed.'

"He carried the silken roll away with him as he started with comfortable deliberation to find the ax, which, though the hunt for it was long and persevering, evidently could not be found, for we caught a glimpse of him at last through the half open door to the back shop severing the required yard of ribbon with an old chisel.

"It was all so serene, so soothing and so satisfactory! I believe I shouldn't be a wreck before New Year's every winter if I could only do my Christmas shopping at the East Norley general emporium."—Youth's Companion.

The Man Who Stayed.

For one woman who dominates her husband in China there are doubtless nine of the approved oriental stripe of humility. Nevertheless Chinese humorous literature abounds in references to henpecked husbands. Professor Herbert Allen Giles of the University of Cambridge told one of these stories:

Ten henpecked husbands resolved to form a society to resist the imposition of their wives. The ten wives heard of the plan and while the meeting for organization was in progress entered the room in a body. Nine of the rebellious husbands fled, but the tenth one retained his place, apparently unmoved by the unexpected visitation.

The ten wives, after smiling contemptuously on the one man who remained, went back to their homes, well content with the success of their raid.

The nine husbands thereupon returned to their meeting, resolved to make the heroic tenth man the president of the society.

When they entered the room, however, to inform him of the honor, it was found that he was dead. He had died of fright.

A Baseball Game.

Four wide ones in the third and Hogan paraded!

Dooley tilted the pellet to the outermost port precinct for a hassock and invested second citadel through Groogin's insane heave.

Jones' agile mitt engulfed Smith's towerer to left garden, but failed to ferry it in before Hogan's extremities soiled the rubber.

Donovan jabbed a solitaire to left pasture, stabling Dooley, but met his death purloining a bag. Huggins made three frantic lunges at the leather, but Guff's saffron muff let him amble down the trail to the initial roost.

Duffy's steaming grasser to right meadow incinerated Guff's fingers.

Doyle dunked safely to larboard, but Brown's swift return of the globule contributed to Huggin's demise at the plate.—Kansas City Independent.

NOTICE.

For Sale—Two cottages near the Postoffice. Four large rooms, hall, large pantry and bath each. Hot and cold water, electric bells. Size of lot, 50x140 feet. Will be sold if taken soon for $2300, for the lot and two houses. For terms and particulars call on or address C. L. Benjamin, No. 113 Ninth street, San Francisco, Cal., or E. E. Cunningham at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

FOR SALE.

A dwelling house with chickens and chicken houses near the packinghouse of the Western Meat Company. For price and terms inquire of R. P. Williamson.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

WHY THEY MARRIED.

Reasons of the Chronic Cranks For Entering Into Wedlock.

Postal cards having been sent out to married men with the inquiry "Why did you marry?" a large number of responses came to hand, from which the following are selected:

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out.—X."

"Married to get even with her mother, but never have.—W."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her.—C."

"The father thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough.—B."

"Please don't stir me up.—J."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now.—G."

"That's the same question my friends ask me.—C. H."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite.—A."

"Because it is just my luck.—P. J."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time.—Karl."

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question. Between multiplication and division in the family and distraction in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at.—Old Man."

"I married to get the best wife in the world.—Simon."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. She's got me.—Blivins."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Good a Liar.

A young man from Banffshire was spending his holidays in Aberdeen. While walking on "the green" in company with his uncle he was surprised to see so many kites flying. Observing one far higher than the rest, he called his uncle's attention and asked if ever he had seen a kite flying as high before. "Did ever I see ane as high afore? Man, Jammie, that's naething, for I hae seen some o' them clean oot o' sicht."—Scottish American.

He—I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot.

She (after a pause)—Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something! The anchor fell overboard a short time ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products lower.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ ℔ (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8½@9c; 2d quality, 8@8¼c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7¼c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½c; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 ℔s, 6¼@6½c; over 250 to 300 ℔s, 6@6¼c; rough, heavy hogs, 4½@5; hogs weighing under 140 ℔s, 6@6¼c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 ℔s. and under, 3¾@4c; Ewes, 3¼@3½c. Spring Lambs, 4¼@4¾.

CALVES—Under 250 ℔s, alive, gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 ℔s, 4¼@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7@7¼c; second quality, 6½@6¾c; first quality cows and heifers, 6@6½c; second quality, 5½@6c; third quality, 4½@5c.

VEAL—Large, 7@7½c; medium, 8@8½c; small, good, 8½@9½c; common, 7@7½c.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 7½@8c; light, 8@8½c; Heavy Ewes, 7@7½c; Light Ewes, 7½@8c; Spring Lambs, 9@9½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9@9½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 14¼@15½c; picnic hams, 10½@10¾c; Atlanta ham, 12c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 20c; light S. C. bacon, 19c; med. bacon, clear, 14c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 14½c; clear, light bacon, 16½c; clear ex. light bacon, 17c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $10.50; do, hf-bbl, $5.50; Family Beef, bbl, $10.50; hf-bbl, $5.50; Extra Mess, bbl, $10.50; do, hf-bbl, $5.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 14½c; do, light, 14½c; do, Bellies, 14½@14¾c; Extra Clear, bbls., $29.50; hf-bbls., $15.00, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.50; do, kits, $1.15.

LARD—Prices are ₱ ℔:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8	8¼	8¼	8¾	8¾	8⅞
Cal. pure	12½	12¾	12¾	12⅞	13¼	13⅜

In 3-℔ tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-℔ tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.35; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.35.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - $175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

"Crusader"

UP-TO-DATE

$3.50 Shoe

SOLE AGENTS

DEBENEDETTI & MONTEVALDO

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Read locals.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. G. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,
San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.

Beer AND Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

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South San Francisco

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—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

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The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

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South San Francisco, Cal.

SIERRA POINT HOUSE

First-Class Family Resort

SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL GROVE ON FAMOUS SAN BRUNO ROAD.

Only the Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Served.

Table First Class.

Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.

JOS. McNAMARA, Prop.

BADEN SHOE STORE

First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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"RYETAB" WHISKEY BEANS

"RYETAB" WHISKEY BEAN

Something absolutely new and with which we have experimented for years.

One Bean makes one glass Artificial Whiskey (Rye or Bourbon); six Beans to the pint. Just the thing for travelers, and convenient for picnics, excursions, etc.

Contains all the virtue of the best whiskies without the deleterious effect. Made from the pure vegetable matter, and guaranteed to contain no poisonous or narcotic drugs of any description.

If a beverage is not desired, a Bean may be taken in the mouth without water, and the most exhilarating effect will be experienced.

BOX OF 12 BEANS 50C.

The Beans retail at 10c each and can be procured from any druggist, fancy grocer, or first-class bar. For sale on dining cars.

One box sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cts.

"RYETAB" WHISKEY BEAN

Ginseng Distilling Co.

DISTILLERS OF
RYE AND BOURBON WHISKIES

ST. LOUIS, - - - MO.

KING'S ODD RIGHTS.

EDWARD VII. RETAINS IMPORTANT PREROGATIVES.

Can Neither Die Nor Err—Is Not Subject to Law and Is the Only Person in the Empire Who Cannot Arrest a Felon.

The prerogatives of the king of England, though considerably curtailed by a long series of enactments, are still of great extent and of vast importance.

The theory of English law, as to the prerogatives of the monarch, is entirely inconsistent. The law recognizes him as an irresponsible being, and yet the same law defines his powers. In consequence of this position, the courts have from time to time interpreted what constitutes his prerogatives. For a clearer conception of these various "privileges," they have been divided into four principal classes—viz., personal, political, judicial and ecclesiastical.

However ludicrous it may appear to the untutored American, it is nevertheless a fact (according to British statutes) that among the many rights which have been taken from the sovereign are that he can neither die nor make mistakes (?), but there may be a demise of the crown, and thereby a transfer of authority. Neither can he be under age, and if so, a protector is appointed for administrative purposes. He is personally irresponsible for crime or tort, and should injury be inflicted at the hands of the king it is attributed to the blunders of his advisers.

A curious consequence of the entire exemption of the monarch is that he is the only person in the realm who can not, under any circumstances whatever, arrest a felon. The reason for this is that, if the prisoner were innocent, no action for false imprisonment could be brought against the crowned head.

The king is also exempt from taxation, because, as the revenues is one of his prerogatives, it would be useless for him to tax himself, yet the lands purchased from the privy purse are taxable. No matter what debts he may contract he can not be arrested or his goods restrained or taken in execution. This privilege of being exempt from taxation applies to the palaces and all public buildings of state. No judicial process can be served in royal residences, but this immunity does not extend to buildings when not used as a royal dwelling, such as Hampton Court House. Holyrood House is still a sanctuary from civil process.

The king is the supreme executive and co-ordinate authority, and is paramount to parliament, which body he can dissolve or prorogue at his pleasure, but he can not prolong the sessions beyond seven years. In theory, parliament exists only at the will of the sovereign, and a vote for a member is merely a franchise granted through the graciousness of the monarch, and is an inherent right of the subject.

The king can refuse to assent to a bill passed by parliament, though it can be said that this right has not been exercised since Queen Anne's reign, when that sovereign refused to sign the Scottish militia bill. The ruler is not bound by any act of parliament unless he is named therein, and likewise, any proclamation issued by the king is only binding when founded upon and conforming to the common law; neither can he create any new offense.

The right of the crown to grant letters of denization has been preserved, as has also the valuable power to grant peerages at will, when not restrained by act of parliament. The right of the king to have supreme command of the army and navy was contested by the long parliament. Parliament has not, as yet, sought to deprive the king of his commercial rights, which consist of the coining of money, regulating weights and measures, establishing markets, fairs and seamarks. He is the sole power in constituting corporations. Some of his prerogatives, such as being the "parent of infants, idiots and lunatics," are exercised through ministers and a board of trade.

His judicial prerogatives proclaim him to be the "Fountain of Justice." A learned commentator has said that in being the "fountain of justice" it is not considered that the king is the author, only the distributer—"not the spring only the reservoir." As supreme judge, the king can appoint all the judicial officials (except in certain lower courts) who act as his deputies and, as "supreme conservator of the peace" through the lord lieutenant in counties and the lord chancellor in cities and boroughs.

The king is the head of the church. By virtue of this prerogative he convenes, dissolves convocation, nominates the bishoprics and other church preferments. He is the supreme court in all ecclesiastical affairs, though this appellate court is now vested in a judicial committee of the privy council with archbishops and bishops as assessors. The dean and chapter of the cathedral cannot proceed to the election of a bishop without the king's permission to elect. When any beneficence is vacant by the promotion of the incumbent to a bishopric, other than a colonial bishopric, the king has the privilege of appointing. Whenever a new bishopric is created it is under the power of an act of parliament.

It seems to be as head of the church, says a writer in the New York Times, that the king grants licenses to hold in mortmain, though the right now extends to lay as well as to ecclesiastical affairs.

Telltale Envelopes.

An envelope has been designed that mail thieves cannot tamper with undetected. There are two ways in which ordinary envelopes may be opened—one by forcing the flap open with a thin metal blade, and the other by steaming the envelope until the mucilage no longer holds the flap. In either case it is difficult for even the person to whom the letter is addressed to ascertain whether the envelope has been opened unless something has been extracted. The improved envelope differs from the ordinary kind only in having a sheet of tissue paper attached to the flap and extending down inside the pocket. This sheet attaches itself to the surface of the envelope with the sealing of the letter, and it is obvious that any attempt to force the flap would tear the tissue, in spite of the utmost caution, the torn tissue being plainly seen when the envelope was opened in the proper way. To detect any subjection to the steaming process the tissue is secured to the flap by a colored mucilage, which liquifies instantly when brought into the presence of the hot steam, daubing the inner and outer surface of the letter until it plainly indicates the use of improper methods to ascertain the contents.

NEW PIPES FOR SMOKERS.

Come from Philippines and Some Useful for War Clubs.

The increase in the number of tourists to the Philippine Islands has flooded New York with various styles of pipes that are new to local dealers. They are in the main unique and are more valuable as ornaments and additions to collections than for the actual satisfaction obtained from smoking them. Yet pipe smokers who always are on the lookout for something novel have grabbed them up and wouldn't trade an old reed stem and coblike bowl for the finest meerschaum in town.

The large Morro pipe, which is intended to serve as a war club when not otherwise in use, is by far the most novel of the recent importations from the Philippines. It has an immense stem, covered with short barbs, and the bowl is of sufficient weight to make it a dangerous weapon when wielded by a native Filipino. There are several of these Morro pipes in this city, and smokers have taken to them with alacrity simply because they are queer.

One pipe smoker is the owner of a highly prized specimen that was carved out of a steer's horn. A bowl of briar was inserted at the end and connected with a reed stem tipped with amber. He spends his evenings smoking his pipe and couldn't be induced to try any other. It is heavy and hard to handle, but he likes it, nevertheless.

Some curious designs are to be found in the collections of pipe smokers who appreciate carving. One man who consumes a pound of tobacco every week smokes from a snake's head ingeniously worked out of French briar. Another finds satisfaction in a bowl representing a dog's foot. The human skull has also been counterfeited to meet the fancy of the pipe smoker.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE GOT THE HALF-DOLLAR.

One of the best dog stories which has been told in a long time is related in the Nashville Banner. The narrator of the anecdote was driving in a town in Mississippi with the owner of the dog. To show the animal's cleverness he got out of the carriage, held his pocketbook to the dog's nose, and then taking therefrom a half-dollar, hid it under a large rock. The men drove on for a half-mile, and then the dog was commanded to fetch the half-dollar.

The animal, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and my friend explained that as the rock was heavy the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it to reach the piece of money, and it would naturally take him some time. It did, for he had not appeared when we retired, about 10 o'clock.

Early the next morning we heard a sharp bark at the door. When the door was opened in rushed the dog, dragging with him a pair of trousers which he dropped on the floor.

Of course we were mystified, but the explanation soon came in the shape of a neighbor who lived several miles distant. He rode up on a mule, and inquired if a dog with a pair of trousers in his mouth had come into the house. Just then the pointer walked out on the porch, and the man exclaimed, "Why, there's the dog now."

The caller said that late in the afternoon of the day before he found the dog scratching under a large rock near the road, and thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and to his surprise found a half-dollar underneath. He put the money in his pocket, and the dog followed him home. The dog appeared to be friendly, and the man petted him and gave him his supper.

At night when the family retired the dog was put out of doors, but he kept up such a racket that no one on the place could sleep, and when the man opened the door to drive the animal away he rushed into the bedroom and at once became quiet. He lay down near the foot of the bed and slept there all night.

Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so the dog seized his trousers, and jumping out the window fled with them. The man followed as soon as he could get his mule.

Of course my friend searched the pockets of the trousers which the dog had brought, and there found the half-dollar.

A wife can read her husband's mind all right. The difficulty is in getting him to acknowledge that she reads him right.

CHANGING A RAILROAD'S NAME.

It Involves a Tremendous Amount of Labor, Painters and Printers.

John Rattenburg, master painter of the Rock Island system, is in Denver for a novel purpose. He is entering upon the work of changing the name of the "Great Rock Island Route" to "The Rock Island System," over the entire property of that company. At first glance such an undertaking would not seem so very great, but only a moment's thought is necessary to see that it will take a long time to accomplish the object and that the cost will be up in the thousands.

When the railroad consisted of only 180 miles of ill-laid track, all running in one State, the name of "The Rock Island Route" was adopted and for many years served its purpose, bringing fame to the little terminal point which is now only a station on the great system. But when that road grew into a powerful organization, with 7,000 miles of track, the name was not comprehensive enough, and a few weeks ago the edict went forth that hereafter "The Rock Island System" would replace the old trade-mark.

That little order meant that every piece of stationery in hundreds of offices, window signs, literature, advertising matter, box car names, and dozens of other accessories of the system would have to undergo a change as soon as possible. The master painter has only a part of the work to do. He must transform the name on the windows and doors of the offices and on signs at stations and on the billboards.

The corporate trade-mark is made to embrace all the various lines which have recently come under the dominion of the Rock Island, and the change was made much of a necessity by the manifold names which could be so much more easily used under one title.—Denver Post.

There is a considerable trade in live quails from Messina, Sicily, to England. The birds are caught in the neighborhood of the port. They are kept from three to four days in Messina in cages before being shipped, are fed on hemp seed and ground corn and are watered freely every day. It is estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 are caught annually. The manner in which they are caught is with running nooses and traps, and in Messina they fetch from 8 to 10 cents a head. The birds are shipped in cages from Messina to Genoa, whence they are sent by rail to England.

A recent writer, describing a pet parrot, says: "He was, like all good parrots, a wonderful mimic, and among other diversions he used to imitate to perfection the voice and tone of my wife calling to the cook. This led one day to an unexpected result. My wife, in the middle of writing a letter, suddenly remembered an order that she had omitted to give, and since, as usual on a hot day, the communicating doors were open, she called, without moving from her chair, 'Elizabeth!' To which came the startling answer from the cook: 'Shut up, you old fool!' Whereupon the parrot danced with joy."

The ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed platypus, combines the attributes of two of the great orders of the animal world—those of the mammalia and aves. Like the bird, it hatches its young from the egg. At the same time the female is provided with teats, like other viviparous animals, whereby she is enabled to suckle her young when the latter have arrived at sufficient maturity, for which purpose the tongue of the infant platypus is pushed to the front of the beak. As it is an inhabitant of Australasia, it is not surprising that an examination of the skeleton reveals the presence of two short bones, which in the higher organized marsupials serve to support the pouch. The duck-bill is purely nocturnal in its habits and is provided with cheek-pouches wherein to store its food for consumption at leisure. Its general color is dark brown, shading to light brown on the abdomen, and the fore feet are webbed beyond the claws, which web the animal folds back when burrowing, at which it is most expert. The hind legs of the male are armed with a spur, which is perforated and connected with a poisonous gland. The beak—which, of course, is the most extraordinary feature of this creature—is after death like a piece of old leather, but in life is very sensitive and reddish at the tip. It is furnished, in lieu of teeth, with four transverse plates, with which the animal crushes the small mollusks forming the main portion of its diet.

Physicians in Peru.

Some of the young medicos of this city who have just graduated might get rich in a hurry by setting up in business in Peru or some other of the South American countries. United States Consul Charles V. Herdliska, of Callao, Peru, has just written a letter to the State Department in which he states that the people, both of that country and Bolivia, "have great faith in American physicians and surgeons on account of the advanced state of medical science in this country."

He also states that the American physicians now in Lima and Callao are doing far better than they could possibly expect at home, and that "before a physician can enter upon the practice of his profession in Peru he must pass a state examination upon medicine, conducted in the Spanish language.

SYRUP OF FIGS

Acts Gently;
Acts Pleasantly;
Acts Beneficially;
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal.
Louisville, Ky. New York, N.Y.

For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

SHEEP NOTES.

Rather the best single grain for sheep is oats.

Sheep thrive better with a frequent change of pasture.

Sheep will restore worn-out pasture to original fertility.

If sheep need to be kept have them as good as possible.

Even in fattening it is a good plan to mix oats with the corn.

During the breeding season the ram should be fed a pint of grain daily.

Fatten and market the old sheep and keep only those that are full of vigor.

Sheep make good cleaners and gather up much that otherwise would be wasted.

If you keep sheep have them good enough to make the most out of their products.

The man whose sheep does not pay is the one who does not give them ordinary good care.

If you make mutton the main object, put as much wool as possible on the back of the sheep.

When a flock of sheep runs away from its owner it is not hard to guess how profitable it is.

The largest mutton carcass compatible with the kind of wool grown is quite a desirable item.

Sheep are dainty and will not eat dirt food or drink bad water unless compelled to by hunger or thirst.

Send all sheep to market fat. Even an ungainly ewe can be made to suit the butcher if she is fed enough.

Whatever the breed may be, profit requires that the greatest possible amount of mutton be gotten out of it.

Sheep of all stock should be changed from green to dry food gradually so that there will be no check in growth.

If a cull ewe is admitted to the flock the chances are that she in turn will rear a cull, so you will have two instead of one.

If you have not a pure-bred ram for this season get one at once. The only way to make advance is to use pure-bred sires at least.

Sheep manure is usually rich in nitrogen, and that usually in an available form, and can be used to a good advantage as a top dressing.

IMPROVED PLUM CULTURE.

There is unquestionably more interest shown in plum culture in recent years than ever before, and this is due to the introduction and improvement of new and old varieties and to the wider consumption of the fruits. People buy plums now for table purposes who before would never eat them except when cooked, and the canning factories are taking up all the surplus of the crops. There is consequently little waste. We need, however, to develop plum culture so that it will prove adaptable to certain regions. There are in many parts of the Northwest, West, East and South native plum stocks which have infinite possibilities.

I have myself taken many of the native plum trees and bushes, and by careful culture and selection produced seedlings that were 25 per cent better than the parent stock. Just how far this improvement may be carried I am not prepared to say, but I believe that it would reach a much higher point than at present under proper conditions. Plum trees require culture just as much as apple or peach, and we need to find the best fertilizers for them. A good deal of the present ignorance of their needs is due to neglect and indifference because of the feeling that there was little or no money in the business.—Northwest Pacific Farmer.

BEFORE KILLING TIME.

When the fattening process is complete the chickens are starved for thirty-six hours. They are then killed by dislocating the neck. Care is taken in killing to pull the head of the chicken about an inch and a half away from the neck. This mode of killing allows the blood to drain into the neck, and is preferable to other methods of killing. If an incision is made in a fowl it will not keep nearly so long as if sent to market intact. A bled fowl eats dry and is not one-quarter so juicy or of as good flavor generally as one that has not been bled.

HONEY FOR FARMERS.

Honey is one of the greatest of table delicacies; but we see it on few farmers' tables. There is no one better situated to engage in bee culture than the farmer. In time one can learn to work without exciting the bees; it is usually the nervous person who gets stung. I have seen one man go in and out among the hives and work for hours at a time and never get stung, while another man would excite them and get three or four stings in as many minutes. Four good-sized hives will supply an ordinary family with honey during the whole season, and this with little care or no expense to the owner. Our own hives are situated under a long shed on the south side of a building. There is a large sugar orchard not far away where they get the earliest supply of sweets. Near the stands are two good-sized crab-apple trees, blooming in May, and then there is an abundance of crimson and white clover during most of the summer. If one has a little skill in the use of saw and hammer, the hives can be made at home, thereby greatly lessening expenses. There are certain supplies that greatly help in the work, that one can manage without, but there are others that are indispensable in bee culture. The brush, veil and smoker are needed by everyone who handles bees, either for pleasure or profit, and the sectional honey boxes increase the value of the honey, whether it is for sale or one's own table. The catalogue prices for an outfit for beginners is very likely to stagger those with small means, but most of the things are necessary.—Cor. Epitomist.

THE SELECTION OF EWES.

Few things in sheep husbandry are of more vital importance than the proper selection of ewes. Indeed this is the pivot on which turns almost every time success or failure. Such being the case, one cannot exercise too much caution to proceed correctly in laying the foundation of a paying flock of sheep, says Up-to-Date Farming. Why? Because in this way it is nothing very unusual, other conditions being equal, for the breeder to realize fully fifty per cent of his annual profits on the increase of the flock. Many of the characteristics of a good ram ought to be sought in the ewe. And here it is that the chief point of difference is determined and accentuated by the sexual functions. There should be seen in the ram a massive and powerful front, thick fore quarters and a cluster of voluminous folds about the neck; while as to the ewe, she should be, if anything, heavier in the hind quarters. Circumstances may alter features, of course, but it is hardly ever advisable to select what many breeders denominate a "pony sheep." Why? Because it is seldom that the highest form of beauty is found united to superior breeding qualities; indeed, this would hold true only by assuming that long and practical training had taught a man to regard as most comely that figure found to be best adapted to sustain successfully the arduous duties of maternity.

As regards size and beauty, therefore, it is generally safest to select moderately large, strong and rangy ewes—ewes of the wedge pattern, having a nearly even taper from the hips forward to the shoulders. A ram in full fleece, remember, should have an almost perpendicular drop from the rump to the ground, and should be thick through the heart, with a girth front of the hind legs. Not so in the ewe, however. In her should be found a slight departure from the perpendicular drop, due to the less fullness in the ham, and the rear girth ought to be a little greater than the front one. In the best sucklers, and especially when advanced in years, a deep, pendulous fold may be found along the median line of the abdomen, terminating in the udder; and this is something that is a sure indication of excellent maternal organs.

Angora goats may be successfully grown in every State in the Union, and they will live on any kind of feed that will keep other stock, but certain conditions must be observed. While they stand the cold well, wet weather affects them more than any other stock; for this reason they must have shelter from the rain, especially the cold rains of fall, winter and spring. The formation of their hair, being so curly and loose, permits the rain to soak into it and through it, and it holds the moisture for a long time, thereby rendering the animal exceedingly uncomfortable. If shelter is provided they are quick to take advantage of it when storms are gathering.

When a woman loves a man she thinks she understands him perfectly, while a man loves a woman most that he doesn't understand at all.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, but not so fatal as knowing too much.

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.

The Remarkable Experience of a Prominent Statesman—Congressman Meekison Gives Pe-ru-na a High Endorsement.

Congressman Meekison of Ohio.

Hon. David Meekison is well known not only in his own State, but throughout America. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Peruna came to the rescue. He writes:

"I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison, Member of Congress.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

It's the easiest thing in the world to offer assistance to people who don't want it.

Headache This Morning?

Ten cents, after eating too much, drinking too much, will prevent that morning torture. Carry a box Cascarets in your pocket. Druggists 10c, 25c, 50c.

When it comes to matrimony, it seems as though no man is old enough to know better.

Caution! Ask for Kentucky Favorite Whiskey. Take always the best when you drink. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

Without Eve the blame might yet be begging.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

The humbugs of life constitute its pleasures; the realities its pains.

There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Gilt Edge is good whiskey. It makes you feel good, but it does not make a fool of you. Sold everywhere. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors.

The people who never pay their debts seem to regard this as the land of promise.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa

Trusts are not so modern, after all. There was Atlas. He held up the world.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Any unmarried friend will tell you how to bring up your children.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY
Use Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.
Prescribed by the best physicians for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. 25c, 50c. At all druggists.

People always walk over to a "keep off the grass" sign to see what it says.

The beggar in the election booth is as mighty as the millionaire.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

HER FRENCH A FAILURE.

The Tragedy of a Blacking Bottle In the Latin Quarter.

She was spending her first month in the Latin quarter of Paris. She spoke English fluently, with a Boston accent; also she spoke German, could make a fair stagger at Italian and knew a few words of Hindoostanee, but of French not a syllable.

One morning she found herself in a wrestling match with a bottle of French shoe blacking. The pesky bottle, understanding that it had to deal with an alien, refused to give up its cork. She had no corkscrew of her own and did not know how to ask for one, even if she dared suspect that her next door neighbor might be possessed of the luxury. The tine of her pet fork she had bent on the obstinate plug, the point of her best penknife she had broken off short, and nothing remained except to throw the bottle out of a window to get at its contents. She decided as a last resort to try breaking the neck off the bottle. With a "stove lid lifter" she administered several cautious taps in the region of the jugular of the obstinate neck. "Nothin' doin'." Then she tapped harder still, and the blacking came. All over her fingers it came, all over her light woolen skirt and over much of the floor and window sill.

She decided to have the skirt cleaned and, packing it into a bundle, tripped off to an establishment where she found embarrassment because she could not understand questions. Finally she got the drift of the conversation. The cleaners wanted to know what had caused the spot. Fortunately a bottle of shoe blacking was standing near by, and she pointed at this and "ouid" and "ouid" until she left in heightened spirits, feeling that she was not helpless and that she had made the cleaners understand. When the skirt was duly returned the following week, it was dyed black.—New York Tribune.

On a Shelf.

"Mamma," asked little three-year-old Margie, "do people go to heaven when they die?"

"Yes, dear, if they are good," replied her mother.

"Then I guess grandpa wasn't any good," rejoined the little miss, "'cause when he died they just put him on a shelf in a big stone house and locked the door."—Chicago News.

Cork Carpets.

A cork carpet may be kept clean and in good condition by using the following mixture: Put into a bottle equal parts of vinegar, turpentine, methylated spirit and linseed oil and shake all well together. Rub this well all over the carpet with a pad of cloth or something of the kind, polishing it well afterward with a clean cloth.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

Breton sheep are not much larger than a fair sized hare.

The mandarin duck is one of the most beautiful of aquatic birds.

The queen is always at the mercy of the bees and is a slave instead of a ruler.

A beetle one-third the size of a horse would be able to pull against more than a dozen horses.

The greyhound, which can cover a mile in a minute and twenty-eight seconds, is the fastest of quadrupeds.

The giraffe, armadillo and porcupine have no vocal cords and are therefore mute. Whales and serpents are also voiceless.

The glowworm lays eggs which are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

To escape from dangers which menace them starfishes commit suicide. This instinct of self destruction is found only in the highest and lowest scales of animal life.

Hebridean Proverbs.

The daily talk of the Hebrideans has a shrewd picturesqueness. "Let the loan go laughing home," they say. That is, "Be careful of whatever you have borrowed."

If a person were to be met coldly on going to a friend's house, he would say:

"The shore is the same, but the shellfish is not the same."

The impossible is denoted by "blackberries in midwinter and sea gulls' eggs in autumn."

"Better thin kneading than to be empty." That is, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"The man who is idle will put the cats on the fire."

"He that does not look before him will look behind him."

"A house without a dog, without a cat, without a little child, is a house without pleasure and without laughter."

Forgot Himself.

Mrs. Henpeck—We hev bin married twenty years today, Hiram.

Hiram (with a sigh)—Yes, fer twenty years we've fought—

Mrs. Henpeck (scowling)—What? You old wretch!

Hiram (quickly)—Life's battles together, Mirandy.—Judge.

A Deceitful Cat.

Mamma—You wicked little girl to say that the poor cat has eaten the jam, when I can see the stain of it on your face!

Winnie—So it was pussy! She stole the jam, and after she'd eaten it she started licking my face to make people think I'd done it.

FIFTEEN MILLIONAIRES.

England Has No More—Ireland Has One.

There are only fifteen millionaires in Great Britain and one in Ireland—at least this would appear to be so from the official income tax returns just issued.

According to the returns, these sixteen persons make the sum total of the individuals in this country who enjoy incomes of over £50,000, and this is about the "millionaire" level.

It is true that there are 184 people with incomes between £10,000 and £50,000, and, of course, a considerable number of these are just on the line across which they should be classed as millionaires. Incomes of between £5,000 and £10,000 are enjoyed by 424 people.

To be an assessor of income tax one needs a heart of flint. To him the world is a Dantesque Inferno, filled with dolorous complainings.

It is always "The worst year I remember, sir," or "Hard times, very hard times;" every year sees the nation "on its last financial legs."

Unfortunately the great majority of the smaller income people have no opportunity of pleading poverty. They are people with salaries; and the income tax man has access to the telltale wage list. But the millionaire is not a salaried man. For the most part he pays on an assessment provided by himself, and the above-quoted figures "give one to think."

Down the scale the numbers gradually increase until of incomes between £160 and £200 there are no fewer than 138,456; while of smaller incomes not exempt from taxation there are 112,397.

But there is one singular exception to this steady gradation. There are comparatively few incomes of between £800 and £900, the number being 1,989 in Great Britain, whereas the figures immediately above and below are 3,935 and 2,641.

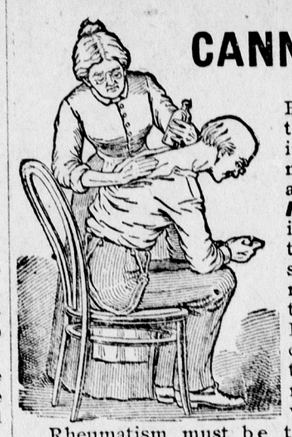
There appears, indeed, to be a strange fatality about this particular size of income, for we find that it is rare, not only in the case of private persons, but also of firms, public companies and municipal corporations.

The return gives startling evidence of the large proportion of the burden which is borne by the comparatively poor man. Of incomes between £160 and £200 the gross amount assessed is £25,933,513; of the incomes between £200 and £300 the gross amount assessed is £24,215,614. But of incomes between £1,000 and £2,000 the gross amount assessed was only £8,252,524.

It is interesting to note that there is in Great Britain 86 firms with an income of over £50,000, but not one in Ireland; and that in Great Britain there are 656 public companies, and in Ireland 19, which have incomes of over £50,000.—London Mail.

RHEUMATISM

CANNOT BE RUBBED OUT



But a good liniment or plaster will often give temporary relief because it produces counter irritation or reduces the inflammation and soreness. But no sort of external treatment can have any effect whatever upon the disease itself, for ***Rheumatism is not a skin disease,*** but is due to an over acid condition of the blood, and the deposit of irritating matter or Uric Acid salts or sediment in the muscles and joints, and no amount of rubbing or blistering can dislodge these gritty particles or change the acid blood. Rheumatism often becomes chronic, and the muscles and joints permanently stiff and useless and the nervous system almost wrecked, because so much time is lost in trying to cure a blood disease with outside applications or doctoring the skin.

Rheumatism must be treated through the blood, and no remedy brings such prompt and lasting relief as S. S. S. It attacks the disease in the blood, neutralizes the acids, and removes all irritating or poisonous substances from the system.

S. S. S. strengthens and enriches the thin acid blood, and, as it circulates through the body, the corroding, gnawing poisons and acid deposits are dislodged and washed out of the muscles and joints, and the sufferer is happily relieved from the discomforts and misery of Rheumatism.

Louisville, Ky., March 27, '02.
Gentlemen:—I am glad to say that S. S. S. has cured me of Rheumatism. About two years ago I suffered from Rheumatism in my knees and feet, my ankles swelling so that I could not put on my shoes. This continued for several months, during which time I was applying liniments and going by my physician's directions, but derived no benefit. I was told of S. S. S. and tried it. I immediately got relief, and continued the medicine until I was entirely well.
2108 Floyd St. D. J. DUANE.

External remedies are all right so far as they go, but they don't go far enough, and you can't depend upon them to do the work of a blood purifier, and those who pin their faith to liniments and plasters as cures are bound to meet with disappointment, and will be nursing a case of Rheumatism the greater part of their lives.

SSS

S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy, does not contain any Potash or mineral of any kind, and can be taken with safety by old and young.

Rheumatic sufferers who write us about their case will receive valuable aid and helpful advice from our physicians, for which no charge is made. We will mail free our special book on Rheumatism, which is the result of years of practical experience in treating this disease. It contains in a condensed form much information about Rheumatism.

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Two Impossible Men.

Dr. Hauslick once asked Schumann how he got on with Wagner.

"Not at all," replied Schumann; "for me Wagner is impossible. Doubtless he is a very clever man but he talks too fast—one cannot get a word in."

Some time after, in an interview which Hauslick had with Wagner, allusion was made to Schumann.

"With Schumann," said Wagner, "it is impossible to arrive at an understanding. He says nothing. Some years ago on my return from Paris I called upon him to talk of operas, concerts, composers and other interesting matters with which I had become acquainted. Schumann looked at me stolidly, or rather he looked into space, without saying a word. Faith, I took leave of him almost immediately. He is an impossible man."

Taking No Chances.

"Do you mean to say that you don't want a railway through Crimson Gulch?" asked the astonished surveyor.

"That's exactly what I mean to say, young feller," answered Broncho Bob "Cactusville got a railroad, didn't it? And they hadn't it two weeks before a couple of men won half the money in camp, got cold feet, took the train and was gone forever and ever. Crimson Gulch ain't takin' any such chances."—Washington Star.

A Rub For Tennyson.

When Alfred Tennyson appeared in the Oxford theater to receive his D. C. L. degree, it is said that his disheveled hair and generally negligent state provoked the undergraduates into greeting him with the inquiry, "Did your mother call you early, call you early, Alfred, dear?"

Better Left Unsaid.

Discontented Artist—I wish I had a fortune. I would never paint again.

Generous Brother Brush—By Jove, old man, I wish I had one! I'd give it to you!

HE WAS A PAINTER.

A Drunken Prisoner's Excuse In a New York Police Court.

It is characteristic of almost all the prisoners except the drunks that their chief concern is to secure a delay. They plead and beg for an adjournment, which they know will only postpone the inevitable for a day or two, and that although, through their inability to obtain bail, they will have to stay in prison just the same. The most plausible explanation is that they all are fatalists, always hoping that something unexpected may turn up to stave off the impending catastrophe. The drunks, on the other hand, are more eager to face the arbiter of their fates, knowing that nothing worse than a fine is likely to befall them and that the sooner it is imposed the sooner it may be paid or served off. And then there is the chance, if the magistrate is in good humor, that they may get away unscathed at once.

As a rule, although not seldom still in their cups, they are loath to make any incriminating admissions. "No, sir," protested a man who kept himself from falling over by holding on nervously to the bar; "I'm not drunk, 'cause no one's drunk who's not falling all over himself." Excuses of the most wonderful kind, some of them really ingenious, others merely ridiculous, are put forward when the futility of feigning innocence has been discovered. The cleverest explanation of that kind that I ever heard was advanced by a man who, when taxed with having displayed unmistakable signs of intoxication, simply replied that he was a painter by trade.

"That has nothing to do with your condition," said the magistrate.

"Of course it has," rejoined the prisoner. "I was painting a barber pole and kept on twisting after the stripes until I got so dizzy that the cop thought I was boozy."—Edward Biorkman in Century.

THE WEAVER BOTANIST.

Confounded His Tormentors by Knowledge of Natural Phenomena.

John Duncan, the weaver botanist of Scotland, was regarded as daft by most of his acquaintances. The country folk ridiculed and tormented him whenever they discovered him with his bundle of "weeds." On one occasion, relates his biographer, Mr. Jolly, John Duncan used his knowledge of a simple botanical fact to win the respect of his would-be tormentors.

Duncan was returning from a walk, laden with plants, when he was met by a number of farm servants, who thought to have some fun with the weaver and his weeds. He took their remarks in good part and then showed them a sprig of juniper, asking if they knew what it was. Yes, they had seen it; it bore berries. One of them knew where there was one big bush near by, but "nae leevin' ever saw a single berry on't." There was no other bush for miles around. John saw his opportunity if, as he surmised, it was a female plant.

All set off to see this bush. They soon found it, a solitary female plant in full bloom.

"Nae dott ye think yoursel's clever chiels," said John, "but could ony o' ye make that bush bear berries?"

They laughed him to scorn, but the weaver asserted that he could and would make it bear berries. Then, stretching out his hands over the bush, he murmured some long botanical terms in the manner of a magician and ended, "Thou shalt bear berries for once!" He then told them that he would remind them in the fall to come to see the juniper bearing fruit.

Next day the weaver went to a place miles away, where the staminate plants were in full bloom, broke branches, and with the greatest care brought them to the solitary pistillate plant, and shook the pollen over the blossoms. Then from time to time he watched the plant and saw the berries growing. The experiment was a success.

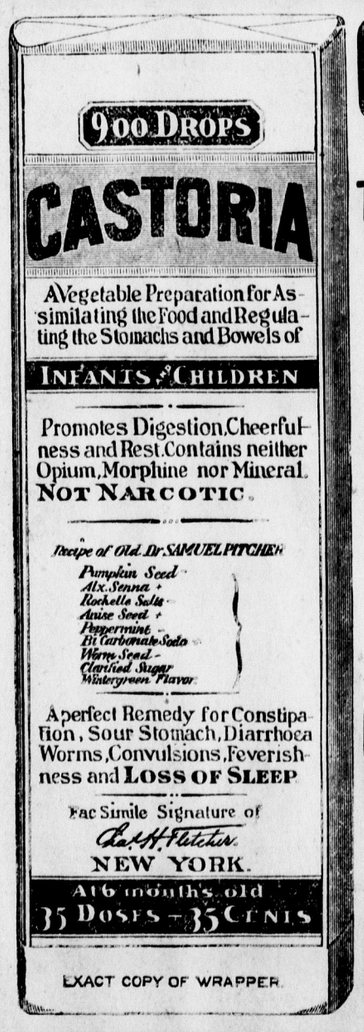
In the fall he summoned the party to see the plant loaded with berries. They were amazed, the more so when John concluded the drama by saying that the bush would never again bear berries; and sure enough it never did.

Speaking afterward of the subject in the society at Auchleven, Duncan said that when he saw the successful action of the pollen, it gave him more happiness than would have been his had he fallen heir to a kingdom.

Murders in European Russia.

Official statistics show that during the year 1901 no less than 8,681 murders were committed in European Russia. This gives an average of more than twenty murders a day—a figure that throws much light on the standard of civilization in Russia.

You may drive a horse to water but you can not make him drink, and you may drive a man to drink but you cannot make him take water.



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Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

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